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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1904.

The Week.

For the second time in succession a Republican National Convention meets with the result foregone for months beforehand. That state of things may betoken great harmony and a flattering outlook, but is adverse to vast ebullitions of excitement at the Convention. Only paid *claqueurs* or dutiful and expectant office-holders can work themselves into a frenzy over the rising of the sun on schedule time. A national convention is a body of 900 men ostensibly met for deliberation. A contest is implied in the very fact of their coming together. If all are of one mind, there is no more reason for their meeting, at great expense and inconvenience, to nominate a President, than there was for a convention to nominate George Washington. In addition to the absence of piquant differences over candidates, we have this year the platform also settled in advance down to the smallest details. Lodge has the party principles in his valise. Nothing is left to the Convention except to go through the motions.

As a form of life insurance for President Roosevelt, the nomination of Senator Fairbanks as Vice-President would be intelligible. Certainly, the maddest anarchist would never think of killing Roosevelt to make Fairbanks President. For other grounds for his selection, however, one would search in vain. He is all compact of negative qualities. Without warmth or color of personality, having neither initiative nor eloquence, identified with no public policy, and known only as a rich manipulator of the Indiana Republican machine who never commits himself, and who, instead of dying in the last ditch, would always be found on the first fence, Senator Fairbanks could add nothing to the Republican ticket except a weight to be carried. We presume that the determination to put him on it is due to the belief that his nomination will make Indiana safely Republican. He has some enthusiastic friends in that State who would like to elevate him to the Vice-Presidency in order that they might have the disposal of his seat in the Senate. That, too, is a motive we can understand; but other reasons why Fairbanks should be nominated we are not given. With Roosevelt himself debarred from speaking or touring through the campaign, the cry has been for a running mate who could kick up the dust and snort. But Fairbanks would be as far as possible from that kind of horse. If a complete foil to Roosevelt and a damper on the whole campaign is wanted, the Indiana Senator is just the man to nominate for the Vice-Presidency.

Quay is dead. Long live Addicks! The Republican National Committee hastened on Thursday to console itself for the loss of one corruptionist by welcoming another. Addicks was declared "regular," and went about receiving with bland smiles congratulations as the next Senator from Delaware. That national disgrace is now distinctly on the Republican programme. The term of the anti-Addicks Senator, Mr. Ball, expires next March, and the gasman proposes to buy the Legislature in the November election. But since he also promises to buy Delaware for Roosevelt, the party of moral ideas has not a single objection to raise. "Would not a knighthood fit the crime?" Sir Robert Peel was asked, when a disreputable politician was urged upon him for a baronetcy. The Republican Committee has evidently decided that a Senatorship exactly fits Addicks's electoral crimes.

Shrewd party policy would not have dictated the decision in the Wisconsin case reached by the Republican National Committee. Its action puts Wisconsin in the list of doubtful States. The reasons lie on the surface. Whatever may be said of Gov. La Follette, he is a man of showy and popular qualities who has again and again demonstrated his hold upon the voters of his State. For such a leader to be set aside incontinently and completely by the Committee, although he was technically "regular" and his opponents the bolters, and although the legal merits of the controversy are still to be judicially determined, is certainly to create a very ugly situation. The effect cannot be limited to the State ticket. It is bound to involve the vote for Presidential electors. Resentment is sure to strike through Senator Spooner and reach Roosevelt himself. Spooner is the President's chief apologist. It will be angrily charged, accordingly, that the Committee acted on a Presidential hint in behalf of his friend. This, however, we consider unlikely. Mr. Roosevelt is too clever a politician for that. The case seems to be more like another example of Senatorial courtesy. With two Senators appealing to a Committee on which other Senators are sitting, how could they be turned away? But this explanation will not help matters in Wisconsin. The Governor is already making threats.

The proceedings in the Hearst-ridden Illinois Convention on June 14 were enough to curdle the blood of all sensible Democrats. Here we notoriously have a State in which the Republicans are torn with factions, where the loudest complaints have been made of the Republican machine, and where the opportunity for a rational and decent Democratic party is obviously great—but what was done? A machine and a boss far more offensive than anything the Republicans can produce were enthroned; a set of Socialistic delegates, with an apologist for trades-union boycotting and murder at their head, put through instructions for Hearst, with the net result of throwing Illinois as a gift to the Republicans and sending a chill down the back of Democrats the nation over. There can be but one political effect. Southern delegates will merely shudder, and proceed to concentrate upon Parker more rapidly than before. Uninstructed delegates will find themselves drawn the same way. States putting forward favorite sons will take good heed that, wherever they go after the first ballot, they throw their weight unmistakably against Hearst.

For "the tariff revised by its friends," read, "the tariff revised by its abusers"—such is the suggestion of the Mississippi platform. It is a neat countering of phrase by phrase. Congressman Williams, who devised it, showed his adroitness also in the draft of a money plank. It congratulates the country on the addition of $2,000,000,000 to the world's stock of "real or metallic money, in a manner acceptable to all Democrats," this nation's share of the increase being $700,000,000. This swelling of the volume is held to "vindicate the Democratic contention" that it was necessary. In some such language, it is highly probable, the National Convention at St. Louis will announce the intention of the Democrats to meddle no further with the gold standard. They can save their faces by pointing to the unexpected increase in gold production. Republicans will be in no position to jeer at this. It is the same argument which converted their own militant friends of silver, like Hoar and Lodge and McKinley himself. The country, we believe, will not care very much by what process of reasoning the Democrats convince themselves that the gold standard must be let alone. The main thing is that they do it.

"If the Filipinos become fit for self-government, and desire independence, God knows I want to give it to them." That extract from Secretary Taft's speech on Friday night shows how native to his heart are generous sentiments; but it also shows how hopeless

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is his effort to prevent Americans from discussing Philippine independence. He himself cannot refrain from discussing it. If the rest of us are indiscreet and are "rousing false hopes" and "encouraging agitators" in the archipelago, what is he doing? His words will be carried back to the islands, though they are very much of the sort that he has called unwise and incendiary. In fact, an expression like his personal wish is nearly all that the Philippine Independence Committee, whose work is so displeasing to him, is asking of the National Conventions. If both parties would simply echo Secretary Taft's phrase, and call God to witness that they desired to give the Filipinos independence, the prayer of the Committee would be practically granted. It is a petition backed by some 7,000 names of the nation's wisest and best. A copy of it, with the imposing array of signatures, is being placed in the hand of every delegate at Chicago. Can the Republican party, can Mr. Taft, can President Roosevelt afford to despise it?

One passage in Secretary Taft's speech on Friday is either unfair if taken literally, or really ludicrous as a mere rhetorical rejoinder. He asks why the college professors and clergymen, instead of calling for Filipino independence, do not "hold up my hands in trying to induce Congress to reduce the tariff" on Philippine goods. Bless the Secretary's innocent heart, no one has done that precise thing more consistently than the very men to whom he makes his appeal. They have approved and urged every measure in the interest of the Filipinos, when it was not cunningly devised as a means of exploiting them. And who are the ones that have withstood Mr. Taft's pleas, set aside even the President's recommendations, and kept the tariff inflexibly against the Filipinos? Why, the leaders of his own party; the politicians who propose to squeeze every dollar and every office possible out of the Philippine Islands. Secretary Taft means to support them on a "stand-pat" tariff platform, and then expects them to hearken to his prayer for tariff reduction. Impracticable for impracticable, we think he fairly rivals any of his despised anti-Imperialists.

An exhibition of pure selfishness was made by the Grand Army, on Thursday, at the convention of the New York Department. Naturally, an absorbing topic was the President's service pension order of last March—regarding which commendatory resolutions were passed. Then a letter was read from the Allied Printing Trades Council asking the veterans to announce themselves in favor of requiring all printed matter used by the Department to bear the union label. Such a resolution "the delegates did not see fit to adopt." In a word, the fine patriotism of forty years ago has evaporated. The veterans of Gettysburg and the Wilderness no longer ponder the rights of man, but are concerned entirely with getting as much and giving as little of the good things of life as possible. They have put the union label on the taxpayers of the United States, but they have no intention of suffering the infliction of a similar policy by organized labor. Themselves the most imposing labor union in the country, they have gathered their cloak about them and assumed a haughty air towards their brethren the printers.

Chicago unionists have been charged with many crimes, but a new count is brought against them by a New York street-cleaning expert. Invited to Chicago to inaugurate a system that would produce "maximum results at a minimum expense," Richard T. Fox found himself, at the end of the first day, homesick for New York, "where unions aren't so strenuous." He had infused industry in his sweepers, and by evening he saw the street refuse piled neatly beside the curbs. But at that point the City Team-owners' Association stepped in with a demand for more pay than the city allows for the carting. One solitary non-union driver appeared at nine o'clock in the evening and was promptly ordered to "get off the street" if he didn't want his face smashed. Mr. Fox tried to get teams from a number of contractors, but the tie-up was complete. The neatly piled sweepings became sport for the winds. On the previous day, the New York expert had ordered a load of coal for his own cellar, and when he came home found the coal cart standing in front of the house while the driver possessed his soul in patience. When ordered to unload the coal, the strict unionist answered: "Not me. The union won't allow it. I'll spill it on the grass for you if you say so, though." The proper union man was sent for and the coal got in. The dealer only laughed at all protests. In a union-ridden city they have got used to such pretty ways.

The approach of a new harvest is denoted by the appeals now being made for a reduction in railroad rates to farm hands. The Western Passenger Association has just submitted to its various lines a proposition for a one-cent per mile rate for persons going to work in the fields of Kansas, the westbound tickets being good from June 27 to July 10. Thus we are reminded that it will soon be possible to speak more definitely regarding the future course of general business. If the crops turn out well this year, a feeling of encouragement should in large measure take the place of the depressed views which have prevailed for the past year. During the recent setback to general business the farmers have continued to be prosperous. Meanwhile, there has been a complete cessation of most of the causes which led to the comparative stagnation of the last ten months. Much of the inflation has been eliminated from credits, excessive stocks of goods of all kinds have been worked down, and the voice of the promoter and boomer has ceased to be heard in the land. In short, the country has had a year of recuperation, and, if the crops turn out well during the next few months, the feeling with which we approach the winter of 1904 should be in marked contrast with that of 1903.

Of the numerous influences affecting immigration, the cost of transportation is comparatively unimportant. Steerage rates in 1903 were about 50 per cent. higher than in 1880; yet 857,000 were brought over, as against 457,000 in the earlier year. Prosperity in this country always increases immigration, though there are, of course, modifying considerations. The industrial situation in foreign countries is one of them. Political and religious or racial persecution is another; this largely accounts for the enormous Jewish influx of recent years. But there is no doubt that the greatest single cause of immigration is the condition of the American labor market. The 79,000 immigrants of 1837 fell to 38,000 in 1838; the 427,000 of 1854 to 90,000 in 1860; the 438,000 of 1872 to 261,000 in 1874. These figures, and numerous others that might be cited, are explained by the "prepaid ticket"—that is, the steerage ticket purchased on this side and mailed to friends and relatives at home. According to Mr. Schwab, 60 per cent. of all steerage traffic is by such prepaid tickets. A stream of immigrants' letters flows from America to Europe, detailing the new opportunities for labor and the general attractions of American residence. The fact that immigration is declining must, therefore, be regarded as another sign of the lessened demand for labor. Yet the effect of good and bad times upon immigration is not immediate. In our "boom" year of 1899 only about 311,000 newcomers landed. It was not until 1902 that we had reached the 500,000 mark; not until last year that we surpassed the record of 1882. The recession will also be gradual.

With all the recent flurry over reduced steerage rates, the fact is that immigration is decidedly on the ebb. The greatest on record was that of 1903, when 857,046 aliens were admitted. The decline set in last December. In that month the total was only 28,000, against 36,000 the year before. Since then the figures have gone down steadily. The busiest months at Ellis Island are April

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and May. Last year in April 91,000 came in; this year 63,000. For May the corresponding figures are 92,000 and 68,000. The total immigration at New York for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1903, was 599,488; the total up to date is 479,286. For the whole country it would seem safe to predict an immigration in 1904 not exceeding 700,000.

Words are too feeble to express the pity and the horror of the *General Slocum* disaster. The character of the victims—women, mostly, and children of tender years—the swiftness of the destruction that has overtaken half a modest parish, the terror of sweeping flames, and of loaded decks collapsing into the furnace below—all these heart-rending features of the tragedy strain the compassion of the mere reader to the point of numbness. The coroner's inquest has already brought out the facts that the examination of life-preservers was perfunctory, that the fire apparatus was not inspected at all, that the second officer had never taken out a mate's license, that no fire drill had been held with the present crew, that the crew itself contained a number of incompetents. Thus, step by step, the responsibility is driven home, on the one hand to the owners of the boat, on the other to the steamboat inspectors. Both, it appears, willingly took desperate chances with the lives entrusted to their vigilance. The owners who manned their boat with the riffraff of the docks and maintained unlicensed officers, assumed that no better class of men would ever be needed, just as the manufacturers who supplied worthless life-preservers figured that they were to be paid for and exhibited in racks—never used in the water. Upon the basis of the evidence already brought out by the coroner, we may expect Secretary Cortelyou and District Attorney Jerome to proceed fearlessly. Already it is clear that we are dealing with a kind of negligence which morally reaches criminality, and it may be legally as well.

Gen. Uhler's hint that the steamboat inspectors' fines have frequently been remitted through political influence ought to be followed up with names and specifications. Such a state of things would go far to explain the complete demoralization of the inspectors. What can a man do when he finds, on the one hand, steamboat owners willing to pay him for leaving his duty undone, and on the other his chiefs ready to make a fool of him for doing his duty? When Gen. Uhler says that Senators and Congressmen have had such fines reduced, he undoubtedly speaks by the book. Clearly, he should continue the subject before the Commission of Inquiry, and Secretary Cortelyou should not fail to carry back to its source the rottenness his department has inherited. At every point he must be prepared to find lying and concealment in behalf of those "higher up." Already Inspector Lundberg, who gave the *General Slocum* clean papers five weeks ago, refuses to answer the coroner's questions, "on the ground that it might tend to incriminate me." Such an attitude shows clearly that it would be absurd merely to order an investigation of the inspection service by itself.

A remarkable delegation of English clergymen waited upon the Archbishop of Canterbury a few days ago, upon a remarkable errand. They sought a change in the rubric requiring the public reading of the Athanasian Creed on certain great festivals of the Christian year. Bishop Welldon was their spokesman, and his remarks, together with the Archbishop's long and careful reply, indicate significantly a theological trend of the day. The appeal was chiefly directed, as may be supposed, at the minatory clauses of the Creed. To rightly appreciate these, affirmed Bishop Welldon, "demanded an historical spirit, a theological learning, which could not be found in congregations consisting of men and women, educated and less educated, and even little children." As much might be said, one would think, of many of the metaphysical parts of that most metaphysical Creed; but as for the damnatory clauses, there can scarcely be two minds. Whatever else they may be fitted for, they do not go well with a religious service meant to be uplifting and joyful. To begin with "without doubt he shall perish everlastingly" and to end with "he cannot be saved," is not a good way to invite tranquil meditation upon the theological doctrines which are affirmed in between. Archbishop Davidson pointed out the difficulties in the way of practical relief, but left it in no doubt where his sympathies lay. He did not attribute the movement to evil hearts of unbelief. To him it was, rather, a gratifying sign of greater intelligence on the part of the Christian commonalty.

Our American theory that prosperity can come only from taxation has received a severe blow in Europe. The theory was applied with all rigor in connection with the beet-sugar industry of the Continent. Year after year the people of Germany, Austria, France, and Belgium were bled to prop up this clamorous infant, but even then it was necessary to combine to regulate prices. Finally, the Brussels Convention decided to abolish the bounties on exports. Though the condition of the sugar industry the world over seemed to make this a wise step, there was nevertheless a fear that it would result in ruin to many of the beet producers. But, wonderful to relate, in Austria the effect appears to have been quite the reverse. The immediate result of the cutting off of the export bounties was a decrease in the tax on sugar, but an increased consumption. This is as true of the other nations as of Austria. From September to April, Germany increased her consumption by 207,000 tons, France 210,000 tons, Belgium 27,000 tons, and Austria 60,000 tons. Who before ever heard of low prices bringing prosperity? And yet it is admitted that the Austrian sugar industry was never better off than at present.

We are far from knowing the whole truth about the stiff fighting at Wafang-ku, but the fact that a Japanese force of 30,000 men has fought its way twenty-five miles north of Port Arthur is significant. It looks like the beginning of a concerted movement, in which Kuroki will later participate, upon Kuropatkin's extreme right. The fact that Oku can spare Nozu with 30,000 men also shows that the force of investment below Kinchow has more than reached the strength reckoned as necessary for the reduction of the fortress. Everything, in short, points to a general forward movement by Kuroki, without waiting for the taking of Port Arthur. Gen. Stakelberg's defeat receives a humorous turn through the naïveté of his dispatch stating that just as he had comfortably enveloped the Japanese right, his own right was turned with an overwhelming force. But the fight itself was a serious business enough. It cost to either side many thousand men, and to the Russians fourteen guns. It is known that Stakelberg has his main force near Kaiping, forty miles above the scene of the engagement of June 15. Kuroki's left, at Siuyen, is about as near.

The raid of the Vladivostok squadron has brought out, in a certain impracticable idealism, the seamy side of Japanese valor. Such incidents as the refusal of troops on transports to surrender to warships, the wholesale preparation of such troops to commit suicide, and the demand that an unsuccessful admiral should take his own life, remind us startlingly of the gulf that lies between ourselves and these Orientals. As for the troops who lay helpless under the guns of the Russian cruisers, their preference for death gratified only a personal punctilio. By surrendering at discretion they could have put the Russian fleet to considerable embarrassment. Clearly the Russians could not have taken them prisoners; indeed, would have been obliged to furnish some means of escape from the sinking transports. Under such circumstances, the Japanese would have been under no parole, the Russians would have been subject to a perilous delay, and a thousand troops would have been spared to fight the battles of the Empire.

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THE SPURNED VICE-PRESIDENCY.

The Vice-Presidency has long been without honor, but it has never been so thoroughly spurned as in the past few days. Speaker Cannon's outbursts of indignation and alarm whenever it was proposed to promote him to that dignity eclipse even Mr. Roosevelt's pathetically unsuccessful evasions of four years ago. Mr. Hitt, we believe, was willing to be Vice-President; generally, the office is treated with indifference by the workers and with abhorrence by the eligible candidates. Everybody, apparently, has read and accepts Woodrow Wilson's entertaining characterization of the second magistrate of the nation, in 'Congressional Government': "His position is one of anomalous insignificance and curious uncertainty; . . . his importance consists in the fact that he may cease to be Vice-President."

In view of this general contempt for what has practically been a very important office, it is amusing to read in the Madison Papers that the office of Vice-President, and particularly his right of presiding over the Senate, was regarded with considerable jealousy. In the Constitutional Convention Mr. Gerry of Massachusetts said: "We might as well put the President himself at the head of the Senate." Col. Mason of Virginia suspected a baneful encroachment of the Executive upon the Legislature. Only Roger Sherman of Connecticut perceived that, without the duty of presiding over the Senate, the Vice-President "would be without employment." Evidently, Aaron Burr took no mean view of this function, for, when he bade farewell to the Senate, he acknowledged that he had been perhaps too stern a chairman, but averred that he had done what he had done from a high and impartial sense of duty. A little later, Vice-President George Clinton, withdrawing for a time that a temporary chairman might be elected, declared solemnly that he should make it a point to be present in the chair whenever important business was up.

A modern Vice-President who combined in himself something of Burr's will and Clinton's sense of obligation could probably redeem the office from insignificance. Admit the difficulty of controlling a body upon which you are imposed, of which you are not even a member, and yet imagine also the possibilities that would open before a chairman of Speaker Reed's, Mr. Roosevelt's, or Mr. Cannon's type. The spectacle of a legislative body floundering in obsolete personal prerogatives, deprived of elementary parliamentary organization, powerless even against its own members, is one to stir the ambition of a parliamentary Hercules. There is no doubt, we are convinced, that he could reduce the Augean stables in the north wing of the Capitol to some kind of order. For even the Senate must sooner or later submit to that codification of common sense applied to debate which we call parliamentary law. It is only necessary to hold up the slipshod procedure of the Senate before the public until it becomes too ridiculous to be longer maintained. Here, then, lies an undertaking worthy of the best powers. Mr. Roosevelt, we understand, had been urged to make this task his own. Had he accomplished it successfully he would have had a far better title to reëlection than that established by an assassin's bullet.

What Mr. Roosevelt perhaps might have done, what any strong personality might do under these circumstances, is this: Apply imperturbably the ordinary rules of parliamentary order as the occasion arises. When Senator Morgan, for example, divagates on the Jesuits apropos of the Venezuela blockade, call him to order. Naturally, celestial ire would threaten to consume a chairman who took so sensible a stand; he would be ridiculed in all the moods; his ruling would be unanimously reversed. Very well, let him take that as in the day's work, and call to order the next Senator who wanders hopelessly from the matter in hand; and the next and the next. Unquestionably, there would be terrible wagging of tongues, but it is doubtful if the task in itself is more difficult than that which Speaker Reed accomplished. At the beginning the President of the Senate would be a laughing-stock, then, as he persisted in provoking egregiously bad reversals of right decisions, the laugh would turn on the Senate, and that popular opinion which it has learned to scorn too loftily would begin to work. No body, not even "the most august deliberative body in the world," can afford to appear palpably and constantly wrong. Obviously the Senate, resenting the just control of the officer appointed to preside over it, would be in precisely that untenable position. Given a Vice-President of sufficient tact and toughness, the victory would remain with him.

Surely, the emprise is worthy of any strong man, Republican or Democrat, who finds himself compelled to accept the Vice-Presidency. Success would hardly make the office popular, but it would relieve it of the deplorable disrepute into which it has fallen, while failure would at least save one Vice-President from the dire perfunctoriness to which he was elected and apparently condemned.

SHAW VS. THE HOUSEKEEPER.

"May the good Lord preserve us from another period of cheap living expenses!" was Secretary Shaw's pious exclamation before the Delaware workingmen. As if in direct answer, the Bureau of Statistics reports an increase since last year in the cost of such necessaries as breadstuffs, sugar, coffee, wool, cotton, and petroleum. Of course, the high-flying protectionist has been taught from his cradle not to apologize for high prices, but to glory in them. He looks beyond trifling questions of every-day food and clothes to the monthly figures for steel billets, block tin, and raw copper, which are just now within reach of the humblest. This means, obviously, rising above all petty and belittling considerations. Our spirits are too exalted to care whether our loaf be dear or cheap. A leader in an English free-trade organization visited this country last year when interest in Mr. Chamberlain's propositions was at its highest. Americans in all walks of life whom he met were anxious to hear from him about the progress of the controversy. But he confessed before his departure, "I have not been able to make them understand why Englishmen should be stirred up over a tax on food." "To us," he added, "it is the most vital part of the fiscal system, while you regard it as entirely of secondary importance."

Mr. Shaw expresses this feeling in its baldest form when he declares that the cost of living is virtually a negligible factor in national prosperity. He represents our domestic trade as a great circle, in which the man in the tan pit can afford to pay an extra 50 cents for his shoes because he gets high wages from a tanner, who pays them only because he has pushed up prices a notch or two in his sales to the shoe manufacturer. But the household is one of the places where the Shaw doctrine cannot be applied by any manipulation of the facts. One family does not buy from another, or sell to it, and the doctrine that "it is measurably unimportant what price we pay so long as we pay the price to ourselves," great and inspiring though it is when applied to a broad continent, has no meaning at all in relation to the affairs of five persons living in the same house.

"The Housekeeper under Protection" is the title of an article contributed by Margaret Polson Murray to the current number of the *Contemporary Review*. It recounts one woman's experience in supplying the needs of a household in Canada and in London. Canada's tariff wall is scarcely half as high as ours. Her schedules, according to our protectionists, would spell ruin and destitution on this side of the border. They have not done it in Canada, to be sure; but it is interesting to learn just what they have done, not from the standpoint of the economist or the manuufacturer, but from that of the final consumer. "At the outset," says Mrs. Murray, "I am not sorry to have an opportunity to refute an almost universal impression to the effect that, whatever may be expensive in Canada, at least *living* is cheap. Strange to say, the case is exactly reversed. The Canadian may adopt armorial bearings, sport his crest on his sta-

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tionary, and on the harness of his horses, and have as many liveried servants as he may choose, without contributing from these a single dollar to the revenue of the country; while the housewife is charged on almost every item of the endless expenditure which makes up her daily life." Taking articles of the same quality, she finds that a shilling in London goes as far as two and sometimes three in Montreal.

It may be simple enough for Republican logicians to account for steel manufacturers selling steel rails seven dollars less per ton abroad than at home. The average man is affected only indirectly, and his interest is impersonal. Very few of us build railroads; but all of us maintain breakfast tables, and here protection appears in the clearest light. "A well-known Scotch marmalade, sold in London at sixpence per pot, costs tenpence half-penny, and in some places a shilling, in Canada. Canadian apples, by the barrel, are seven shillings cheaper in London than in Montreal. But I come to the climax when I find London people buying their bread made from Canadian flour at twopence three farthings. The same loaf, with the flour at the very door, in Montreal cost fourpence last October, and has since been raised to fourpence halfpenny." In other lines the results are still more striking. "Curtains, rugs, carpets, and linens are incredibly dearer, three or four times the price, and china, crystal, etc., are at least four times the price. A good piano costs about three times the money." We are not immediately concerned with the details of all the differences in prices that prevail in London and Canadian shops. But the facts and their causes come home to the American accustomed—"educated up," if you please—to high prices when he can look at these same protective prices through an outsider's eyes, and ask himself whether, with complete freedom of choice before us, we should ever deliberately have created such a stupendous system of levying on the consumer.

The late Speaker Reed attributed the Republican defeat after the passage of the McKinley bill very largely to the awakened interest of the housekeepers of the country. They see the relations of income and expenditure in their simplest terms. As one lady of our acquaintance put it, "All that I know about the blessings of prosperity comes to me in the shape of much larger monthly bills." This, of course, would seem a very short-sighted view to the brooding and prophetic Shaw. But it exists widely. It had to be taken into account in 1890 and 1892, and Republican managers will reckon ill if they leave it out this year.

TRADE-UNIONS AND THE LAW.

Trade-union dovecotes are still fluttered by the "Taff Vale" decision of the English House of Lords. For some thirty years previously these bodies had found themselves very comfortably situated. They could inflict injury without being liable for damages. They could deprive a workman of all opportunity to earn a living; they could prevent an employer from carrying on his business. Their funds were exempt from levy. But this pleasant immunity has been suddenly disturbed. The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants has been compelled to pay the Taff Vale Railway Company £23,000. The South Wales Miners' Federation has been mulcted in £45,000; and the amount claimed by the Denaby Main Company is even larger.

These judgments, it is asserted by the supporters of the unions' position, will bring about a political revolution in England. "Labor," says Sir Charles Dilke, "has been welded together on a labor question; an overwhelming class consciousness has been created among trade-unionists." It is time for them to act as a political party. They have been contented hitherto to force the existing parties to grant their demands, but they are now thinking of becoming legislators themselves. They propose to enact laws that will make the position of the unions impregnable. They mean to secure the privilege of interfering with other people's business without suffering interference with their own.

The privileges to be enjoyed are outlined in a bill drafted by the Trade Union Congress Parliamentary Committee, which has passed its second reading in the House of Commons by a majority of 39. Any person or persons, according to the provisions of this bill, "in contemplation of or during the continuance of any trade dispute," may lawfully "attend for any of the following purposes at or near a house or place where a person resides or works, or carries on his business, or happens to be (1) for the purpose of peacefully obtaining or communicating information; (2) for the purpose of peacefully persuading any person to work or abstain from working."

This provision would compel employers to allow their premises to be occupied by any number of unionists who chose to "attend" there. They could remain so long as they pleased, and "communicate information" all day long to workmen who ought to be busy, and who would frequently much prefer to be let alone. Workmen could be exempted from attentions of this kind neither at their homes nor while going to work, nor at the shop. The essential purpose, of course, is to legalize the presence of a throng of strikers at places where they can practically compel submission to their demands. The circumstance that they profess a peaceful purpose is immaterial; there can be no peace under such conditions, be it cried never so loud. Employers could not prevent the interruption of their business or protect their workmen against violence. The non-union workman would be safe nowhere except in jail.

The second clause of this bill does away with the law of conspiracy. It provides that no agreement by two or more persons to do anything in connection with a trade dispute shall be actionable unless what is to be done would be actionable if done by a single person. It is unnecessary to dwell upon the consequences of this change in the law. Many acts are harmless when committed by a single person, but dangerous when several combine to do them. The aim of combination is to accomplish what the individual cannot; the act, to effect its purpose, must be committed by many. The object of the law against conspiracy is to prevent the concentration of powers for an evil end; and the object of the bill is to allow trade-unionists to conspire without fear of the penalties inflicted on other citizens for like conduct.

The third clause of the bill is meant to relieve unions from the payment of damages, either for torts or breaches of contract. It takes away all right of action against a trade union "for the recovery of damage sustained by any person or persons by reason of the action of a member or members of such trade union." The admirers of trade unions make much of "collective bargaining"; they insist that employers should enter into agreements with the unions of their workmen. This bill make such bargains impracticable. It is absurd to enter into a bargain with a man who tells you in advance that if he decides to break his word, you cannot sue him. Civilization consists in the establishment of laws and courts that compel men to discharge their obligations or pay compensation for their failure to do so. The bill that has passed its second reading in the House of Commons would restore the conditions of the Middle Ages. It would create a privileged class, above the law and free from its penalties. Such a measure would reduce workmen not belonging to the guilds to the position of helots or serfs. They would have to be content with such work as the trade unions allowed them to take, at such wages as they could get in occupations that the unions did not care to monopolize.

It is well for the people of this country to see what the claims of the trade unions really are. In order to attain their end, they must extinguish the competition of outside workmen. They cannot do this so long as the law protects such workmen. At present the law does extend some protection. A workman and an employer wishing to make a bargain against the desires of a trade union have, theoretically, a perfect right to do so. But, in fact, both employer and workmen often go in fear of their lives

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if they attempt to exercise this right. It is taken as a matter of course that, in case of a strike, violence should prevail to a certain extent. When a union of workmen on a street railroad quarrels with the management, the company expects to have a certain number of its cars demolished, and to receive no indemnity. Some of the men that want to work will be killed, many of them will be beaten, and they or their families must suffer without redress. It is idle for the trade unionists to profess to deplore these conditions. If they did not exist, if the law gave protection in fact which it gives in theory to employers and workmen, strikes would very seldom succeed, and the monopolies of the unions would be broken. The interest of the common people of this country lies in the suppression of violence, not in legislation that will promote it.

A LABOR GOVERNMENT.

Recent events have invested Australian politics with world-wide interest. The Premiership has passed from one of whom it has been said: "In eloquence he has no equal in the Commonwealth. He is cultured and urbane to an extent unusual in Australian politics. He has the charm of manner and the gift of friends that help to make the leader." His place has been taken by a man who, at fourteen, was an apprentice in a small New Zealand newspaper office, and who, on being launched at a later period into the larger world of Sydney, came to the front with remarkable speed as the leader of the trade unionists. Not only does Mr. Watson, the new Premier, belong to the Labor party, but all his colleagues in the Ministry, with the exception of the Attorney-General, are of the same faith. The situation, in fact, is identical with what it would be in Great Britain if Mr. Balfour were to give place to Mr. Richard Bell, with John Burns looking after the War Department and the other offices in the hands of labor representatives.

The world has waked to the fact that an experiment of vast importance is now under way in Australia. Practically every member of the new Government is destitute of training in administrative affairs, and people are asking if anything but harm can be expected from the efforts of a ministry thoroughly impregnated with the doctrines of the most advance school of trades unionism. Heretofore, the other nations have looked on with good-natured indifference, or at the best with but here and there a lively interest, while Australasia has introduced one seemingly fantastic policy after another. The labor element has for a long time made its presence felt in the politics of the Island Continent, wresting one concession after another from the established parties, but until recently its part has been chiefly that of an influence. Now it is being weighed in the balance as a direct factor in administering the government.

An article in the June *Independent Review* on "The Australian Labor Ministry" is from the pen of Mr. W. P. Reeves, the London agent of the colony of New Zealand. He, though largely responsible for the New Zealand labor laws, is nevertheless the fairest of advocates, and one of the best informed men whom Australasia has produced. Mr. Reeves has no fears on the score of the new Labor Ministry. He says that a dozen years ago the coming of labor in that quarter of the world would have been greeted with vastly more alarm than at this time. It is only fair to point out, he continues, that, though the former contempt for Australian labor politicians was not wholly justified, the politicians themselves have risen above the level on which they then stood. They never were, as a class, incendiaries. But they were, politically, uneducated, and therefore impatient, and unused to weigh the possible effects of exaggerated language. To-day it is very different. The labor leaders are "neither revolutionary prophets nor rowdy agitators," but just such men as the handful of quiet labor members "whose personal merit saves them from being lost in the wilderness of broadcloth in the House of Commons." Personally, says Mr. Reeves, Mr. Watson and his lieutenants are not pick-and-shovel men. They are all workmen raised by their industry and intelligence above the rank and file who work with their hands. Happily, he adds, the Australian Labor Ministers are examples of workers who prefer to lead their old comrades rather than push their own way to placid respectability among the *petite bourgeoisie*.

Of Mr. Watson in particular it is said: "He is as unlike the coarse, howling rough of anti-Labor cartoons as Mr. Parnell was unlike the typical Hibernian blatherskite." He is described as cool, pleasant-mannered, self-controlled, with some knowledge of books as well as of men, and with what his opponents term a "talent for intrigue"—in other words, managing power. He is by no means the most fluent or rousing speaker of his party; but, in the colonies, though the best talkers occasionally gain Premierships they seldom hold them long. It was not oratory, says Mr. Reeves, which enabled Sir John Forrest to govern West Australia for ten years, or which made Sir Edmund Barton the Commonwealth's first Prime Minister; which gave Mr. Kingston and Sir George Turner unprecedented terms of office, or which has kept Mr. Seddon in power in New Zealand for more than thirteen years. Force of character, hearty geniality, and managing skill are described as the qualities which the colonial democracy hold in highest esteem. Without brilliancy or dash, Mr. Watson has impressed those who know him as having the power of digesting plans and suggestions, of "brooding over ideas," and of acting to some purpose, usually at the right time. As we have previously stated, the policy of the new government as enunciated on May 18 contained no features which should alarm the Australian public. Not only Mr. Watson's spoken word, but also his record and that of his party, point to a régime of financial economy. Labor, asserts Mr. Reeves, is pledged distinctly to resist all Federal borrowing, except for conversion. Taking his policy as a whole, Mr. Watson seems disposed to go slow. But, whatever his course, it will not be possible for him to go farther than the Deakin and Reid parties care to have him, as, united, those factions greatly outnumber the Labor members.

A FRENCH BELLAMY.

The French are a logical people; they lack that native fund of stupidity which, to Bagehot's way of thinking, has been the salvation of the Anglo-Saxon, and as a consequence the tendencies of the age always stand out among them in clear and warning relief. Perhaps the most striking instance in recent years of this surrender to a merciless logic is the action of those two great critics and men of letters, M. Ferdinand Brunetière and M. Anatole France, who have practically abandoned their earlier literary antagonism in a newly assumed political hostility. From acceptance of the most rigid of the classical rules in literature, Brunetière has passed into a complete reactionary, whose only watchword is authority and whose one ideal is the religion and the state of the seventeenth century. Anatole France, as a critic, denied the validity of any rules, revelled in impressionism of the most extreme sort, and avowed himself a skeptic in everything. His single aim was to gather up and enjoy the sensations of the hour. Now, by a metamorphosis common enough in Paris, he leaves literature, properly speaking, for politics. It was only a little while ago he laid aside his aversion for Zola in order to pronounce a funeral oration over the champion of Dreyfus. More recently he has been publishing serially in Jaurès's new socialistic journal, *L'Humanité*, a curious piece of fiction, "Sur la Pierre Blanche," in the form of philosophical dialogues.

The theme of these dialogues is significant enough to repay a little attention. Several Parisian friends meet together in the cabin of Giacomo Boni, director of the excavations in the Roman Forum. One of them reads an imaginary dialogue between Gallio and certain of his companions at Corinth, who discuss together the future of the Roman world. In the midst of their conversation Gallio is called away to hear

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that dispute between Paul and the ruler of the Jewish synagogue which is recorded briefly in the Book of Acts, and which Gallio dismissed so contemptuously as a contest over "words and names." To these Romans, skilled in the law and philosophy of the day, the stirring of the new religion comes as the vague echo of a street brawl. What had they to do with the religion of an obscure Nazarene? As one of the listeners to the reading says:

"We have just heard a Greek philosopher and several cultured Romans talking together over the future destiny of their country, of humanity, of the world, seeking the name of the power that should succeed Jupiter. While they give themselves up to this anxious questioning, the apostle of the new god appears before them and they despise him."

Then comes the moral of the tale. These learned and inquisitive Frenchmen turn from listening to this dialogue of ancient Corinth to a discussion of the future of their own world, and M. France would seem to accuse them of the same folly as that which blinded the companions of Gallio. Even to-day a new religion is forming under their very eyes, and they ridicule it as a light thing and contemn it as the work of base and self-seeking men. And what is this new religion? Nothing less than Socialism. In a dream recounted by one of the friends, the author presents a picture of society in the year 220 of the Federation of the Peoples, or, in more familiar language, the year 2240 A.D. It is a little disconcerting to find so subtle an artist as Anatole France falling into this cheapest of literary devices, nor can it be said that he displays any particular originality in the details of his picture. He does not even avoid that inevitable dryness and dreariness which fall upon all except Plato who attempt to reconstruct society.

But that is not the point. Whether Anatole France has succeeded artistically where Bellamy and a host of others have failed is a matter of little importance. We are concerned rather with the very fact that a man of so refined and sensitive an intellect should attempt such a work at all. Is there any real justice in this parallel between that old Roman world and society to-day, between the stealthy growth and final victory of Christianity then and the spread of modern Socialism? Is there growing up among the oppressed and otherwise hopeless to-day a new religion destined to take the place of Christianity just as Christianity supplanted paganism, and is the god Humanity to thrust the Christian God from His seat as He cast out Jupiter? The question presented so graphically by Anatole France may well cause a shiver of doubt to pass through the minds of those who slumber in easy acquiescence. Yet, in another sense, the very character of the man who offers the parallel may carry the suggestion of an answer. This rumor of a new religion of Humanity which has caught up in itself the remnants of Rousseauism and Positivism and a multitude of other *isms* comes rightly from the mouth of one who has wandered helplessly in the morass of literary impressionism. In its crude form (and only in its crude form can humanitarianism assume this authority of a religion) it is the mere negation of any ideal beyond the poor scope of daily needs and material desires; it is the product of despairing skepticism, and is predestined to eclipse. There is still room, we believe, for the idealizing intelligence and the guiding will in that safe realm which lies between the impressionism of M. France, following the blind sentiment of the hour, and the rigidity of M. Brunetière, petrified in a stationary past.

HANDICRAFT IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The arts and crafts movement has acquired greater momentum in Massachusetts, so some of the craftsmen say who have had opportunity to make comparison while serving on juries for the St. Louis Exposition, than in any other section of the United States. The special exhibit sent from Boston to the Exposition was, according to common report, unsurpassed even by that gathered in New York city. A Massachusetts man, Mr. Frederic Allen Whiting, was chosen director of the department of applied arts at the Exposition. Only those, in fact, who have followed closely the beginnings and development of the numerous handicraft societies in various communities throughout Massachusetts can have any conception of the enthusiasm with which the leaders of the movement have entered upon their work. On various hands you will hear it asserted that the industrial salvation of New England lies in the reëstablishment of ancient handicrafts. It's all very well, say these enthusiasts, to talk of reciprocity and of what cheaper raw material will do for New England. As a matter of fact, the hope of the section lies in the growth of a public demand for handmade articles of various kinds—a demand that is destined to limit the dominance of the machine everywhere. They believe that Massachusetts and New England generally offer such opportunities as probably no other district of the United States can offer for the development of small hand industries, particularly in the rural neighborhoods where until lately there has been a marked decadence. In handicraft production the question of the price of raw materials enters only very slightly into the cost; the skill and contentment of the toiler in his work are the main factors. The environment in many parts of New England, and especially in those adjacent to the great cities of New York and Boston, is singularly favorable to the art worker, combining country conditions of living with ease of access to great museums, libraries, and other collections. Massachusetts in particular has long been one of the leaders in the field of public-school and normal art education. Young people, furthermore, in great numbers have been drawn to the schools of professional art in New York. As a result, almost every town in Massachusetts contains a considerable number of persons who have had more or less instruction in drawing and painting and kindred arts, but who are usually unable, from the intensity of the competition, to make a living from the precarious professions of painting and sculpture. These people are turning with ever-increasing enthusiasm to the arts and crafts.

Boston is the centre of this handicraft movement, although some of the best-known societies are in the western part of the State and hence more or less within the sphere of influence of the New York art world—such, for example, as the one at Deerfield, started by Mrs. Madeleine Yale Wynne, and the Rev. E. P. Pressy's communistic community at New Clairveaux. Greenfield, Springfield, and other places in the Connecticut valley are interested in the movement, but by far the largest number of crafts workers is now to be found in the towns that cluster about the New England capital. Here, serving to some extent as the clearing-house of the whole movement, is the Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, under the presidency of Prof. H. Langford Warren of the Department of Architecture at Harvard University. It has a membership running far into the hundreds of active workers in all sorts of crafts. The show rooms of the Society, in the quaint old building of the Twentieth Century Club at No. 14 Somerset Street, have steadily become more attractive during the past three or four years with exhibits of basketry and book-binding; potteries, textiles, and glass; metalwork and wood-carving. It is understood from the President's annual report that the Society is in a very fair way financially. At the start it was more or less dependent upon the munificence of well-to-do art amateurs of Boston. To-day it is almost self-supporting, and bids fair very shortly to become entirely so. It maintains amongst its other ventures a little handicraft shop, situated in the same street, in which a group of metal workers is engaged in gold-beating, silversmithing, enamelling, and similar crafts. It is interesting to note that several of the craftsmen in this shop are Finns. Indeed, running over the list of the members in the Boston Society, one finds non-Anglo-Saxon names appearing very plentifully, justifying, perhaps, the contention which has often been urged, that the fine arts in this country will flourish in the future very largely as a result of the influx of more artistic races than that

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which originally populated this continent.

Other arts and crafts societies have been started in several of the towns about Boston. Thus, at Hingham, on the south shore of Boston harbor, a place where formerly the manufacturing of buckets and shooks for the benefit of the rum and molasses trade went on briskly, a group of workers has revived a number of old industries and started new ones. The annual exhibition of the Hingham Society, which is held in August, has become, in fact, in quantity and variety, perhaps the best art show of its kind in the United States. The Hingham-made articles all bear the familiar "bucket" monogram. The handicrafts of the Hingham Society consist at present of the dyeing of basket materials and fabrics, basket making and rug making, embroidery and netting, spinning and weaving, beadwork and cabinet work, and the making of candles from the wax of the bayberry—in other words, reproducing the old "bayberry dips" with which Pilgrims and Puritans lighted their houses in colonial days.

Similarly at Malden a very enthusiastic crafts society has grown up, organized by Mrs. Sylvester Baxter. Here an attempt is being made to promote the manufacture of drawn rugs of artistic design and good color; of handweaving in various media; of pewter work, and several other crafts. About eighty members, all actual workers, have been enrolled. Furthermore, Dorchester, Dedham, Hyde Park, Concord, and other towns have all developed their local handicraft industries. Winchester, the home of a number of artists and art workers, has Hermann Dudley Murphy's picture-frame shop, where the hand-made picture-frame, designed to accord strictly with the character of the artist's composition, is produced. A little further away are the Merrimac pottery and other industries at Newburyport, conducted under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson, and the various crafts at Ipswich, largely started through the inspiration of the summer classes of Mr. Arthur Dow of New York, and now carried on all the year round. In the centre of the State several enthusiastic handicraft workers have recently organized a society at Fitchburg under the management of Mr. A. G. Randall, with a membership that takes in the neighboring towns of Gardner, where Mr. Arthur J. Stone's silversmith shop has already become famous; Leominster, the scene of Mr. Walley's experiments in pottery; and several other towns. These and kindred undertakings attest the rapid spread of the handicraft movement throughout the State.

Nearly all the arts and crafts leaders seem to believe that the next step is to secure some kind of State coöperation. A distinct movement in that direction was recently made at a conference of the village-improvement societies of Massachusetts, held in Boston. Just what sort of coöperation will be brought about, nobody knows, but something is likely to be accomplished. The Boston Society of Arts and Crafts, it is understood, has generally been unfavorable to association with the other handicraft leagues of the State, for fear that the high standard of artistic craftsmanship for which it has always stood, may be lowered. Elsewhere, however, the feeling appears to be general that the quality of workmanship is being raised rapidly everywhere, and that, with proper assurance of intelligent supervision of exhibitions and salesrooms, the objections to combination will be removed. Only by coöperation, in the matter of output, the president of one of the local societies maintained in a recent address, can the movement be protected from a somewhat disagreeable commercialism that has afflicted it in Massachusetts and in other States. He called attention to the fact that certain dealers, taking advantage of the present fad for arts-and-crafts furniture and other articles, are already putting on the market objects of which the parts may indeed have been assembled by hand, but which in design and spirit are utterly out of harmony with the principles enunciated by William Morris and the other leaders of the art-and-crafts revival in England. As a corrective, he entered a plea for enlisting the sympathy of as many intelligent amateurs as possible in the movement, enrolling them as members of the State societies, giving them opportunities to serve on juries at exhibitions, to be elected to presidencies and other honorary offices, and generally to give the benefit of their enthusiasm and advice. The value of the amateur has been strikingly illustrated in the success of the Copley Society of Boston, which is not a mere association of log-rolling professional artists, but one of professionals and well-to-do amateurs. This official expressed the belief that only in case a considerable body of amateurs can be induced to give disinterested service to what they regard as a cause, will the arts-and-crafts movement gain that momentum which it theoretically ought to acquire. There is, as everybody knows, a very large number of well-to-do people in Massachusetts; by enlisting their coöperation a great deal can be done to protect the workers from the dangers of commercialism.

QUERIES ABOUT RADIUM.

A critical estimate of our present knowledge of radium leads Professor Clemens Winkler (perhaps the foremost chemist of Germany), in the May bulletin of the German Chemical Society, to the conclusion that the evidence of its existence as a distinct element is altogether insufficient. The facts and arguments in point are simple. Radium was found in the mineral pitchblende. This mineral contains, among other things, a small amount of the element barium. The barium obtained from pitchblende is strongly radio-active; barium from any other source is dead. The discoverers of this fact, M. and Mme. Curie, concluded that pitchblende-barium must contain minute amounts of a new, powerfully radio-active element. Although not even the spectroscope, in spite of its wonderful sensitiveness, could reveal the presence of anything foreign, they undertook to isolate the suspected element by a process of fractional subdivision; that is, they dissolved their active barium (in the form of its salt called barium chloride) in a quantity of hot water just sufficient to absorb it entirely, and then allowed the solution to cool. Cold water cannot hold in solution so much barium chloride as hot water; therefore, on cooling, part of the salt crystallized out, and thus the salt was divided into two fractions —one in the crystalline state, the other remaining dissolved in the cold water.

From experience in similar cases it might have been expected that the mysterious radio-active constituent would distribute itself unequally between the two fractions. As a matter of fact, the fraction that had crystallized out was about five times as radio-active as that remaining dissolved. The former was, by the same method, divided into two smaller fractions, and one of these was found to be again about five times as radio-active as the other. By a great many such crystallizations, M. and Mme. Curie finally obtained a minute remainder that showed spectroscopic characteristics belonging to neither barium nor any other previously known element.

Hitherto the radio-activity had been the only hint of the existence of a new element. Now the spectroscope added a second proof. The new element was christened "radium," and Mme. Curie undertook to supply a third proof of its distinctive character by determining its "atomic weight," *i. e.*, the weight necessary and sufficient to saturate chemically certain weights of other elements. The atomic weight of radium was found to be 225; that of barium is only 137. The atomic weight of an element, which is determined by delicate methods of analysis, is its fundamental chemical characteristic. Here, therefore, was a third peculiarity—and a very important one—in which radium differed from any known element. But, strangely enough, in every other respect it was absolutely identical with barium.

Let us now examine in succession the three proofs. First, the radio-activity of a substance and its concentration in certain portions during fractional subdivision do not prove the presence of a new element. This is conclusively shown by many facts like the following. About

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four years ago Mme. Curie added to a perfectly inactive salt called bismuth nitrate a trace of radium, and then carefully removed it again. She found that the bismuth nitrate had thus become radio-active itself. She then subjected this active nitrate to a process of fractional subdivision, and found that the radio-activity gradually accumulated in certain fractions—precisely as in the case of the active barium from pitchblende. To-day, after the lapse of nearly four years, one of those fractions is still as active as in the beginning. Yet Mme. Curie had not only eliminated all the radium originally added, but by a special method demonstrated its complete absence.

Can the spectroscope alone prove beyond doubt the essentially distinct character of a given substance? Numerous facts show that the spectrum of a substance depends, not only upon its essential nature, *i. e.*, the nature of its atoms, but also upon a variety of conditions having nothing to do with its nature. For instance, the element oxygen has, not a single characteristic oxygen spectrum, but many different spectra. Such facts diminish greatly the weight of spectroscopic evidence, even if determinations are made under seemingly the same conditions. And so, when the question is asked whether radium is a distinct chemical element, the fact that it has a spectrum of its own cannot be taken as a conclusive answer; especially since different investigators, using different methods, have found radium spectra that have very little in common. Professor Winkler also gives an instance from history, showing how easy it is to draw erroneous inferences from spectroscopic evidence.

Passing to the third and last proof that radium is a new element, viz., its atomic weight, 225, different from that of any other element, one is at first inclined to accept it as decisive. The proof even seems to gain further strength from the fact that the so-called "periodic law" long ago permitted of foreseeing the discovery of an element of atomic weight 225, or thereabouts, and similar forecasts on the basis of that law have been brilliantly confirmed in several cases in the past. But, on the other hand, that same highly constant law also decrees that the element of atomic weight 225 must be approximately as different in all its properties from barium as barium itself is from calcium. Yet such is very far from being the case with radium, which, so far as known at present, is radically identical with barium in all properties except those under discussion. Professor Winkler speaks only of the atomic weight itself. Without explicitly doubting Mme. Curie's determinations, he mentions laconically a recent case in which a slight analytical error led another investigator to the assumption of a very false atomic weight. And Mme. Curie worked under the disadvantage of having but a small amount of radium to experiment upon.

Of course, all this is far from showing that radium is chemically nothing but common barium. But it does show that much further research is required before mankind, struggling with the perverse elements that be, will believe that radium, too, is an independent chemical entity. Meanwhile, we may all share with Professor Winkler his "scientific doubt," and sophomore athletes may rejoice that a new chapter of chemistry is not yet in shape to be added to the troubles of the coming year.

"SHAKUNTALĀ" AT SMITH COLLEGE.

NORTHAMPTON, June 20, 1904.

After nine years of William Shakspere, Smith College has turned to him who has been called the Shakspere of India, and on June 17 and 18 the Senior Dramatic Club gave a presentation of Kālidāsa's "Shakuntalā," the acknowledged masterpiece of the Hindu drama. It is pleasant to say at the outset that the production is worthy of commendation in many ways. Evidence of hard work on the part of the students was visible from the invocation to the end of the last act, during three hours and a half of sustained effort. It was thorough, conscientious work, which showed itself in many details liable to escape notice, in the studied stride befitting the male characters, in the carefully trained-down voices, which scarcely betrayed the femininity of the same difficult parts, and in the perfect smoothness of the acting, which even at the first presentation showed no hitch or hesitancy. A double meed of praise is perhaps due to those who were content to act well parts which were the last one could imagine to be acceptable to a girl actor, such as those of the negro mute and the unkempt fisherman. Further, the effect of the whole was certainly beautiful. The robes and stage setting, however incongruous at times, were artistic; and, to those who did not demand too minute a regard for Oriental propriety, eminently pleasing. The same may be said of the music, especially composed for the play by Professor Coerne of Smith College. It had Oriental suggestions, although it did not attempt to reproduce the airs appropriate to the lyrical parts of the drama. The presentation must first be accepted for what it professed to be, not a rendition of "Shakuntalā" as it was once rendered in India, but as an effort to present the typical features of the play under the limitations imposed by the conditions.

That these limitations were so great as to forbid a satisfactory rendition, it is too much to say. The "Shakuntalā" of Smith College gave much satisfaction. At the same time it must be said that any such attempt as this is so daring as to be predestined to give less satisfaction than an English or even a Greek drama. In the latter one has, if not the Greek music, at least the music of the Greek, whereas in "Shakuntalā" an English version of varying elegance and correctness represented the exquisite metres of the original. The length of a Sanskrit play required pruning and compression, but the Smith College version, by what can be described only as an unfortunate contradiction, was not only compressed, but unnecessarily expanded; the scene of the sage's curse being worked up for effect which, to be frank, failed because of its inherent impossibility. It is difficult enough to give the Hindu atmosphere even with strict adherence to the Hindu text; to invent is to seek danger without compensation. Another unfortunate and unnecessary failure was the whole conception of the jester, who was so Americanized as to be almost unrecognizable. This was, of course, the general fault to be expected, and it speaks well for the acting of the students that they were able to convey any Oriental effect when hampered by American scenery, American clothes, and American music. Some finer points of the original were naturally lost, sometimes by exaggeration, sometimes by a failure to appreciate. But how could it be otherwise with a text that only rudely represented the original, with actors whose ideas of India were furnished by the text, and with music which, however excellent, was not Indian? The Smith College Dramatic Association may be congratulated on having given a real pleasure to many who, by means of this representation, have learned in some measure how pretty a comedy "Shakuntalā" must have been when given in India fifteen hundred years ago. They may also rest in the assurance that the parts of Shakuntalā and Dushyanta, the heroine and hero, came close to the original conception, and that, had these two spoken and sung as they did in India, the effect would have been that intended by Kālidāsa. The dance of the maidens in the fourth act was perhaps the prettiest single scene, as well as recognizably Oriental.

On the whole, the comedy was a source of genuine delight to a large audience, and really taught them something of India. It was also a beautiful thing to see, and perhaps minuter criticism may seem only invidious, for the performance was given for the general public, and that the general public appreciated it was evident not only in the applause, but in the less formal acknowledgement of pleasure to be heard on every hand.

THEBAN LIFE AND ART IN THE LIGHT OF RECENT DISCOVERIES.

CAIRO, April 26, 1904.

Excavators are still busy probing the sandy slopes and limestone cliffs of the ancient necropolis of Thebes, and this wonderful mine, unpromising as it appears at the surface, is by no means exhausted. Several new tombs have been recently opened in the Shêkh Abd el-Kurna group, and on the 30th of March I saw eight camels, laden with the spoils from the neighboring Tombs of the Queens, file past the colossi of Memnon in solemn procession, on their way to the western margin of the river.

When a foreigner is duly authorized to dig in Egyptian soil, he is assigned a definite field, pitches his tent, and hires the native Arabs to do the work. Unfortunately, the contract is often made through their village shêkh, who is the modern slave-

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driver in Egypt. The Ghizeh Museum, now in Cairo, is entitled to select from among the movable objects found any which it desires to the amount of one-half of the total number discovered. In this way the great expense of exploration is shared by English lords and American millionaires, while public museums in both England and America are enriched with original documents from one of the oldest and most interesting civilizations. This common-sense policy, which characterizes the rule of Lord Cromer in Egypt, is in striking contrast to the methods pursued in regard to the search for antiquities on the continent of Europe, and notably in Italy, where the foreigner is excluded, and where neither the sale nor the exchange of a single object is allowed. On the other hand, we find attached to the Museum of Ghizeh a conspicuous department, devoted to the sale of authenticated objects which may be duplicated many times over, and are therefore not wanted in a scientific and much less in a popular collection. Consider what the saving of all the duplicate specimens found at Pompeii, or even in Rome, really implies. It means the useless hoarding, and possibly the eventual loss or destruction, of almost countless numbers of objects, large and small, parts of statues, bits of sculptured frieze and cornice, amphoræ, fibulæ, and utensils of every description and in endless array. Thousands of marble fragments, which might be sold to advantage, and which would be prized by many small museums, are left exposed to rain and dust or piled up in dark chambers in various parts of Italy, apparently on account of this short-sighted policy, and through fear of letting down the bars at a single point.

It is a pleasure to acknowledge the able manner in which the French, aided by the admirable work of the Egypt Exploration Fund and by private enterprise, have successfully mastered the difficult task of bringing to light, and in some measure restoring, as well as guarding for the future, the wonderful monuments of ancient Egypt, scattered as they are along the desert borders of the plain of the Nile for over 500 miles, from the Delta to Nubia, often remote from towns and from every convenience of modern life, and suffering from the neglect and worse abuses attending the vandalism of 2,000 years. Every great monument is now under the charge of guards, and every new tomb of importance which is now unearthed, is fitted with a modern door and placed under lock and key. It is a little surprising, on the other hand, that certain excavators who rob the graves of the ancients for the benefit of science, should pay so little respect to the remains which are left behind. At Assuan, Thebes, Benihasan, and Sakkara the bones of the ancient dead lie scattered over the sand like the chips in a lumberman's camp. At some of these places I picked up perfect skulls, and could have filled many barrels with the bones which the shifting sands of the desert had not yet concealed. When these human remains are not wanted by the excavator, it would seem proper that they should be either replaced, buried in a single grave, or at least sent to anatomical museums.

Thebes itself, which at an early day had come to embrace Karnak and Luxor, as well as a long strip to the west of the Nile, is to many students the central point of interest in Egypt, while its ancient necropolis, rising in desolate grandeur from the plain, is one of the most impressive spots in the world. The journey across the river and the Theban plain from Luxor, or, better, a ride over the wider and more diversified strip of tilled land on the east bank, affords a valuable introduction to the necropolis itself, so striking is the parallel between the field-life of to-day and the life of men and animals depicted on the walls of the ancient tombs. Still can we see the wide fields of long-bearded wheat, already, in early April, ripe for the harvest. The field-hands are many, and some, with short sickle in hand, their brown backs bared to the sun, and protected only by scant breech-cloths, are still reaping in the old way and with the old tools, stopping every little while to bind in small sheaves the garnered wheat. We pass a threshing-floor for lentils—that vegetable which suggests the flax and, when ripe, turns to a bright yellow-green; then another for the coarse but well-flavored Arab beans. Each is but a cleared space of ground, on which the dried crop is piled, while yoked cattle, driven over it, round and round, in a narrow circle, for many hours, slowly tread out the pulse in the grain, at the same time mixing it with plenty of grit.

In the large threshing-floors, which cover two or more acres, the threshing sledge or roller is commonly used, and a dozen may be seen in action at one time. This tool, though not occurring on the monuments, is undoubtedly very ancient. It consists of three revolving axles, each carrying a number of circular iron discs, and rigged to a hand-hewn wooden frame. When this heavy machine is trundled by means of oxen round and over the grain for many hours, the edges of the discs on which it rests are sufficiently sharp to gradually chop the straw very fine, thus releasing the grain without crushing it. At the same "floor" one may also see the old winnowing fan, "fork," or basket still in use. One should add that, in parts of the Delta, large model farms are to be found, fully equipped with modern agricultural machinery, including, I am told, the steam-plough; but these have no effect on the rest of the country, and in Upper Egypt the tools of the men who labor so industriously in the fields have not essentially changed in four thousand years.

Next to tilling the ground, the great occupation of the Egyptian peasants, during the dry season, is carrying water from the Nile in earthen jars and goatskins to the houses, or lifting it by shâdûf or sakîyeh (the well-sweep and the wheel) and sending it coursing through an ingenious system of canals to every part of those fields where the crops are still green or the season of growth is yet to follow. Brown shâdûf men, bare-headed and stripped to the belt, keep the well-sweeps in motion, and night or day the creaking of the sakîyeh seldom ceases, at least at critical periods. The shâdûf, which occurs more than once on the monuments, is seen in its simplest form in Upper Egypt, where it consists of two columns of sun-dried mud, with or without a core of durra-stalks, for supporting the pole, a large lump of Nile mud for counterpoise, and, for the bucket, a basket of palm-leaf or coarse cloth. For the same purpose Archimedean screws are in use in the Delta, and in parts of Upper Egypt a curious modification of the "sweep," where it is necessary to raise the water from but one to two feet. A man standing in the canal, works up and down, see-saw fashion, a long narrow trough or scoop which is weighted at the open end, where the water escapes.

The fields are checked with the greens and yellows of growing and ripening crops, and with the rich umber browns of the newly ploughed soil. It seems probable that the characteristic checkerboard ornament, as well as the irregular quadrangular designs which we see on the early monuments, such as the many stelæ, the decorations of the sarcophagus chamber in the pyramid of Onnos, which dates from the Fifth Dynasty, and of the sarcophagus itself, were suggested by the checkered patterns of the river valley where those simple figures were ever before the eyes of the early dwellers on the borders of the plain.

It is often said that the modern Egyptian plough, the counterpart of which is seen in both ancient painting and sculpture, only scratches the soil, but this is a mistaken idea, and based on theory only. I have watched the ploughing in the fields, and can affirm that this wooden implement, which has an iron shoe, strikes a sufficiently deep if too narrow furrow. Its upright fork or handle is of little use, for no pressure of the ploughman is commonly required. Its heavy beam and wide crossbars which hold the yoked animals, be they buffalos or cows, or even cow and camel, full six feet apart, serve also to keep the point of the plough well in the ground. The soil of Egypt is a soft, fine loam, without a root or stone; and as nearly all the arable land is submerged for a part of the year and is therefore the bed of the Nile, it is as level as a floor. The function of the plough is to stir up the hard, sun-dried loam, especially after the winter crops are harvested in March and April; and whenever the fields have become hard and dry the fellâhîn go over the fields after ploughing and break up all the hard lumps of earth with their primitive, short-handled hoes. If they would introduce the American harrow, it would save them an immense amount of labor, even if they still clung to the wooden plough, which is by no means an ineffective tool.

Hundreds of small crested larks, which are said to resemble the English skylark in all but their song, rise from the wheat and barley and drop down in the path, some with straws for nests or food for their young; and the very moment their feet touch the mother earth, up spring their vertical crests as if they had received a galvanic shock. Their colors are those of the brown Nile soil, and on Queen Makere's temple, hard by, you will see their clean, beautiful profiles cut in sharp relief, and repeated many times. The hoopoos, those beautiful targets of the feather-hunting Italian, Greek, or Arab, fly like the American highhole or flicker, but nearer the ground; and the moment they alight their great black-tipped, cinnamon-colored crowns begin to expand. They probe the earth for insects with their long downward-bent bills, and in rest show one of the boldest black-and-white patterns to be seen in the plumage of any bird. A series of very broad black-and-white bands travers-

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ing both wings and tail produce a striking "flicker" effect when they fly. In the early morning as well as in the heat of the day you hear their loud cuckoo-like call—Hoop-hoop-hoop-oop-oop-oop! The stress is laid on the first two or three notes, dying out with the last, while the pumping motions of head and tail are curious to observe. The hoopoo appears on the fine tomb of Ptah-hotep at Sakkara, where slaves, bringing them alive as offerings, hold them in the hand by the wings.

The date palm, now in flower and ready to be fertilized by the guild of Nubian climbers who make this their business in March and April; the tamarisk, whose fine blue-green sprays suggest the red cedar or the tropical Casuarina; the green cucumber, looking like an unripe squash, marked with light and dark green stripes; goat-skins and clay-colored pottery in graceful forms, used for carrying, storing, or cooling water; dishes and utensils, tools of the farmer and artisan, literally hundreds of objects, the products of nature or the device of men—can be seen in modern Egypt, while their prototypes are all carefully figured on the temples or in the tombs.

High amid the grand and desolate ravines of Bibân el-Mulûk the tombs of the kings descend by a series of corridors deep into the heart of the native rock—a beautiful limestone interspersed with nodules of flint, weathering to a golden brown color, but below the surface suggesting masses of frozen cream. It has a delicate texture, splits with a conchoidal fracture, and can be cut and polished like a cameo, as is well seen at Dêr el-bahri or in the beautiful low reliefs which cover the walls of the stately chambers once the tomb of King Seti the First. At Shêkh Abd el-Kurna, the tombs of the grand viziers and princes of Thebes were mostly cut into the perpendicular face of the cliffs, but were not, as a rule, carried below the superficial layers of splintered and fissured stone. Their walls, with few exceptions, were therefore covered with a coating of mortar or staff made of Nile mud with a liberal admixture of ground straw, identical with the material which the modern Arab often uses to plaster a fence or wall. These tombs are commonly T-shaped, and their outer door admitted directly to a chapel or vestibule, which corresponds to the cross-bar of the letter. The real door of the vault or sarcophagus chamber lay in front of the entrance, and was sometimes built up altogether, or concealed by the stela, before which stood the table of offerings. At one end of the vestibule we sometimes find a blind door, usually painted in imitation of red granite, while at the end of the tomb-chamber, beyond the sarcophagus and its enclosed mummy, was a niche or serdâb for statues of the deceased. Again, the stela was sometimes fixed in another part of the vestibule in order thus more effectually to conceal the real door of the tomb and to baffle the ingenuity of grave-robbers, who began to despoil the royal cemetery even in ancient times.

Stela, table of offerings, mummies, and generally the statues—in a word, all the movable contents, with few exceptions—have been taken from the Theban tombs. In the well-preserved and tastefully decorated tomb of Anemophis the Second, discovered in 1898, the mummy of the dead king still rests in its sandstone sarcophagus in the royal crypt. In one of these rock tombs at Bibân el-Mulûk an electric power plant has been installed, and the grim features of the old king can be seen by all the world under the glow of an incandescent light. The transition seems perfectly appropriate, and it is a pity that more electric lights cannot be placed in darkened precincts elsewhere as in the beautiful tomb of Ti at Sakkara.

The mural paintings which fortunately remain in many of the smaller tombs and are among the most interesting relics of antiquity possess an even higher degree of interest when we reflect that they were not primarily designed to be seen by human eyes, but only by the dead and their spiritual representatives. So clean is the stucco, and in many cases so bright and fresh are the colors, especially at Thebes, that it is impossible to realize that some of those admirable friezes and ceiling designs, and those almost endless studies of men and animals in action, were conceived and executed over two thousand years before the traditional founding of Rome. The zenith of Egyptian art, however, was reached as early as the Fifth Dynasty, or over four thousand years ago, as is well shown in some of the Memphite tombs at Sakkara. No great civilization of the ancient world has left such abundant historical documents, pertaining to religion, the arts, and daily life, as the Egyptian; but to realize this fully one should come to Egypt fresh from a study of the sadly mutilated remains of Italy or of Greece.

FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

Correspondence.

THE ARUNDEL CLUB.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Thanks to your kindness in inserting Mr. Berenson's letter about the movement recently initiated here for the publication of photographs of precious works of art in private collections in England and elsewhere, we have received from the United States a great number of inquiries and adhesions, some addressed to me, others to our honorary secretary, Mr. Robert Ross, No. 10 Sheffield Gardens, London, W. The minimum number of members necessary for the formation of the Society has thus been reached and passed, and we are now collecting and preparing for issue before the end of the year the first annual series of about fifteen prints. My object in writing to you is not merely to announce our success, but to state that it is largely due to the coöperation we have received from the United States—a coöperation resulting almost entirely from the publicity you have given to our proposal, for which kindness of yours we are sincerely grateful.

As so large a number of our members are United States citizens, it has occurred to me that it might be more agreeable and convenient to them to form themselves into a separate branch, with a committee of their own. Such an organization would facilitate the distribution of the photographs and would enable custom-house formalities to be accomplished without causing trouble to each individual subscriber. The criticism and advice of such a committee would be welcomed by us. Moreover, there are already many important old works of art in the possession of individuals in the United States, and every year sees their number increase. A photographic record of them is not less desirable than of similar works in private ownership here; but to discover them and obtain permission to photograph them must be the work of an American committee. The Egypt Exploration Fund, with its double organization on the two sides of the Atlantic, sets an example which I think we ought to follow. Our honorary secretary, Mr. Ross, will be very glad to receive communications and suggestions as to this matter.—I am, yours faithfully,

MARTIN CONWAY.

THE RED HOUSE, HORNTON STREET, LONDON, W., June 9, 1904.

THE DIRECTORSHIP OF THE NAPLES MUSEUM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the directorship of Professor Pais, students and tourists alike have had ample reason for complaint in the reorganization of the Museo Nazionale in this city. Indeed, it has been rather a work of disorganization. As was to be expected, a new broom may sweep clean. Under a new management radical changes may legitimately occur which will render invalid all existing guidebooks to the collections—changes which cause an upheaval of greater or less duration, so that certain sections of the museum must needs be withdrawn from public inspection. Natural and logical changes executed with skill and taste based upon sound scholarship are what is demanded of a suitable director. It would seem that Prof. Pais has proved his utter incompetence for the task of managing a museum in a modern or scholarly manner. But perhaps it is not so much on this account as upon grounds of infidelity and rank mismanagement of affairs that yesterday afternoon the King signed a decree for his dismissal from the coveted post. There has been chosen as a temporary substitute or "regent" Cavaliere Giovanni Gattini, treasury inspector, and a member of the board that sat in judgment upon the weird doings of Pais.

The specific charges against Prof. Pais are of twofold nature. He is accused (and does not deny the accusation) of having raised the sum of over 300,000 francs more than his proper appropriation by pledges involving the museum. For this irregularly obtained sum he paid 6 per cent. interest. The character of the second set of charges brought against him is immediately less serious, but none the less highly unsatisfactory. The arrangement of the collections prior to Pais's arrival upon the scene as Director was not ideal, but was in many ways not condemnable. The principal trouble then was the undue crowding of the chief masterpieces (particularly marbles) into an inadequate space, so that, for instance, the Venus of Capua could not well be inspected by more than one person at a time; and it was so placed next a wall that it was poorly lighted and not approachable from all sides. For over a year Professor Pais has made it impossible for many students and thousands of tourists to visit the collections to any advantage; and, more than that, has stripped the visitor

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of all means of identification by opening the rooms before so much as even a provisional catalogue was issued or any system of labelling was adopted. In a less degree the experience of a resident English professional man of parts is that of every one desirous of examining the museum's treasures. Only yesterday he was telling me how for years he had been used to enjoy his weekly visits to the marbles and bronzes, and had come to love them in their relations one to another as old friends. Now he deplored having to journey aimlessly up and down the tawdrily decked-out corridors in search of his particular favorites. Without the slightest sense of scientific taste or scholarly instinct, Professor Pais has caused to be placed together, according to some strange canon of bilateral symmetry, unrelated statues or busts stood at equal removes upon pedestals of like color and size, two by two! He has done worse than that. He has garishly arranged the rooms as though each were the salon of some Roman *nouveau riche*, symmetrically set out to the best scenic advantage without the remotest suggestion of archæological law or order or accuracy.

The harsh, not to say ridiculous, clash of effects is bound to gall the justly patriotic Neapolitan, as it surely brings a sneer to the lips of one familiar with sentiently composed museums. Only yesterday a Neapolitan artist was bitterly girding at Pais's brutal denseness as we walked through the Pinacoteca, the floors of which are partially covered with genuine Pompeian mosaic, obviously so priceless that it should never be subjected to the wear of ordinary shoes or rustic hobnails. The pictures in this small but partially admirable collection are, as well as the statues below stairs, grouped according to the same idiotic criteria of bilateral symmetry, as to both color and size. Worse than this, there are eight rooms full of paintings quite unsorted and not exhibited! However, they are at least shut away, and have not as yet been subjected to the capricious and servile generosity of some of the antiques in the basements, several examples of which the henchman Pais is reported to have sent to his patron, Nasi, the discredited ex-minister.

For many months a storm has been brewing. The great majority of the best archæologists in Italy have been opposed to the recent suicidal administration, and so eminent a man as Prof. B. Croce came out last autumn in a scathing rebuke of the director's unfitness for his position. To many overt and covert attacks Pais has made irritated retorts, even calling his critics asses. His nature is well exhibited by an incident reported some weeks ago in a local paper. It seems that, for one cause or another, Pais fell into a pet and shivered a valuable vase into small bits. The paper went on to say, satirically, that there was evidently no reason why he should stop at such trifles as Greek vases when he might feel at liberty to shatter a whole basementful of fragile friezes and unexhibited marbles.

Professor Pais has acted most strangely in his own defence. He is reported to have at first denied all complicity in or knowledge of the mismanagement of funds illegitimately acquired, and in the next breath to have admitted all the accusations one by one. He tries to exculpate himself by asserting that the ex-minister Nasi (now hiding in some foreign nook) gave him *carte blanche* in the framing of the museum budget and in the subsequent expenditure of it. T. D. B.

NAPLES, June 7, 1904.

THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF BEHEMOTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Are your pages open to an Orientalist to bring forward a tiny point—but one curious and, perhaps, significant enough—at which seemingly East and West join? He would seek aid from students of mediæval Europe. In the cosmography of Islam, borrowed from the cosmographies of India, the world is depicted as a series of stages, one below the other, supported by an angel, a bull, a green stone, a great fish, the sea, the back of the wind, the power of Allah. The fish has, in Arabic fashion, three names. Long ago, Fleischer pointed out that two of these are derived from Behemoth and Leviathan in the Book of Job. More recently, in the *American Journal of Semitic Languages* (April, 1899), I pointed out that the third name was also derived from a word common in Job, and very rare elsewhere. So much for the East.

In Mr. Andrew Lang's 'Monk of Fife,' one of the characters is represented (I cannot find the reference at present) as swearing by Behemoth. Mr. Lang is not an inventor of strange oaths, and his color may be relied on, but, until a few weeks ago, I had no parallel for this treatment of Behemoth as either deity or demon. Then, however, in Epiphanius's 'Lives of the Prophets,' printed in Nestle's little Syriac chrestomathy, compared with the parallel Greek texts given by Migne, Behemoth turned up again as a deity in good and regular standing. In the Syriac text (lines 168, *f.*) we are told of Nebuchadnezzar that he was in the form of Behemoth. But one of the Greek versions given by Migne (Patrol. Græca, xliii., *col.* 404), apparently translated and muddled from a fuller Syriac text than we have, says that he was δεόμενος τοῦ θεοῦ Βεημών, ὅ ἐστιν τοῦ θεοῦ Ἰσραήλ. So here we have Behemoth turned into the God of Israel. Apparently, also, from the reference to Ephrem Syrus, given in Brockelmann's 'Lexicon,' some Syrians explained Behemoth in Job as meaning Satan.

My queries now are two: Can any further light be cast on the Western use and interpretation of Behemoth? And, second, has Behemoth had any part in the mystery of the Baphomet of the Templars?

Very truly yours,

DUNCAN B. MACDONALD.

HARTFORD, CONN., June 13, 1904.

THE HUNTING PASSAGE IN MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I find in the commentaries no sufficient illustration of M. N. D. 4. 1. 108-124, either from ancient or modern literature, and therefore contribute one from Gervase Markham's 'Country Contentments' ("The Eleventh Edition, Newly Corrected, Enlarged," etc. London, 1683), a part of which was quoted by Baynes on the passage a generation ago. The Shaksperian passage is:

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
(*Exit an attendant.*)
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear
With hounds of Sparta; never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near
Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

Theseus. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flew'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
With ears *that sweep away the morning dew*;
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly;
Judge when you hear.

The more important passages from Markham are those which follow (pp. 3-9). These, as will be seen, have chiefly reference to the music of the cry, and to the breeds and sizes of dogs in relation to the music; but other illustrations will be found in the mention of the long ears and the flews (some of the important words are italicized to emphasize these points). It is evident that Shakspere's favorite hound (at least, judging from this play) is the large West of England dog, and that he imagines, or wishes to produce the impression, that the harmony can be produced by these alone. That he admires long flews is shown also by "Venus and Adonis," 919-922:

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another *flap-mouthed* mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice,
Another and another answer him.

The following quotations reproduce the original, except that the names of the English shires, and nothing else save the word "Beagle" in the first paragraph, are there in italics:

"Now of these Hounds there are divers kinds, as the *slow* hound, which is a large, great dog, tall and heavy, and are bred for the most part in the West Counties of this Land, as also in Cheshire and Lancashire, and most woodland and mountainous countries; then the middle siz'd dog, which is more fit for the Chase, being of a more nimble composure, and are bred in Worcestershire Bedfordshire, and many other well mixt soyls, where the Champain and Covert are of equal largeness, then the light, nimble, swift, slender Dog, which is bred in the North parts of this Land, as Yorkshire, Cumberland, Northumberland, and many other plain Champion Countries: and lastly, the little Beagle, which may be carried in a mans glove, and are bred in many Countries for delight only, being of curious scents and passing cunning in their hunting; for the most part tyring, (but seldom killing) the prey, except at some strange advantage. . . .

"For the shape of your Hound, it must be according to the Climate where he is bred, and according to the natural composition of his body, as thus: If you would chuse a large, heavy, *slow*, true, Talbot-like Hound, you must chuse him which hath a round, big, thick head, with a short nose uprising, and large open nostrils, which shews that he is of a good and quick scent, *his ears exceeding large, thin and down-hanging much lower than his chaps, and the flews of his upper-lips almost two inches lower than his neither chaps*, which shews a merry deep mouth, and a loud ringer, his back strong and streight, yet rather rising, than inwardly yeilding, which shews much toughness and indurance; his fillets will be thick and great, which approves a quick gathering up of his legs without pain, his buckle bones round and hidden, which shews he will not tire, his Thighs round, and his Hams streight, which shews swiftness; his Tail long and rush-grown, that is big at the setting on,

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and small downward, which shews a perfect strong chine, and a good wind; the hair under his belly hard and stiff, which shews willingness and ability to endure labour in all weathers, and in all places: his legs large and lean, which shews nimbleness in leaping or climbing; his Foot round, high knuckled and well clawed, and a dry hard sole, which shews he will never sorbait; and the general composure of his Body so just and even, that no level may distinguish whether his hinder or fore-part be the higher: all which shew him of much ability, and that in his labour he will seldom find any annoyance. But if you will chuse a swift light Hound, then must his head be more slender, and his nose more long *his ears and flews more shallow*, his back broad, his belly gaunt, his tail small, his joynts long, his foot round, and his general composure much more slender, and Gray-hound-like; and thus in the generality for the most part, are all your York-shire Hounds, whose vertues I can praise no farther than for scent and swiftness: for to speak of their mouths they have only a little sharp-sweetness like Gig, but no depth or ground like more solemn *musick*. . . .

"If you would have your Kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs, that have deep solemn Mouths, and are swift in spending, which must as it were bear the base in the consort; then a double number of roring, and loud-ringing Mouthes, which must bear the counter-tenor; then some hollow plain *sweet* Mouthes, which must beare the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of *Musick*, you shall make your cry perfect: and herein you shall observe, that these Hounds thus mixt, do run just and even together, and not hang loose off from one another, which is the vilest sight that may be; and you shall understand that this composition is best to be made of the swiftest and largest deep-mouthed dog, the slowest and middle-sized dog, and the shortest-legg'd slender dog, amongst these you may cast in a couple or two small single Beagles, which as small trebles may warble amongst them: the cry will be a great deal the more *sweet*.

"If you would have your Kennel for loudness of Mouth, you shall not then choose the hollow deep Mouth, but the loud clanging Mouth, which spendeth freely and sharply, and as it were redoubleth in utterance: and if you mix with them the Mouth that roreth, and the Mouth that whineth, the cry will be both the louder and the smarter; and these Hounds are for the most part of the middle size, neither extream tall *nor extream deep-flewed* such as for the most part your Shrop-shire, and pure Worcester-shire dogs are, and the more equally you compound these mouths, haveing as many Rorers as Spenders, and as many Whiners, as of either of the other, the louder and pleasanter your cry will be, especially, if it be in sounding tall woods, or under the *eccho* of Rocks.

"If you would have your Kennel for depth of mouth, then you shall compound it of the largest dogs which have the greatest mouths and *deepest flews*, such as your West-Countrey, Chesheire, and Lancasheire dogs, are, and to five or six base couple of mouths, shall not add above two couple of counter-tennors, as many means, and not above one couple of Rorers, which being heard but now and then, as at the opening or hitting of a scent, will give much *sweetness* to the solemness and graveness of the cry, and the *Musick* thereof will be much more delightful to the ears of every beholder. . . .

"And now to return to my purpose; your Kennel thus composed of the swiftest Hounds, you shall as nigh as you can, sort their mouths into three equal parts of *Musick*, that is to say Base, Counter-tenor, and Mean; the Base are those mouths which are most deep and solemn, and are spent out plain and freely, without redoubling: the Counter-tenor are those which are most loud and ringing, whose sharp sound pass so swift, that they seem to dole and make division; and the mean are those which are soft sweet mouths, that though plain, and a little hollow, yet are spent smooth and freely; yet so distinctly, that a man may count the notes as the open. Of these three sorts of mouths, if your Kennel be (as near as you can) equally compounded, you shall find it most perfect and delectable: for though they have not the *thunder* and loudness of the great dogs, which may be compared to the high wind-instruments, yet they will have the *tunable* sweetness of the best compounded consorts; and sure a man may find as much Art and delight in a Lute as in an Organ."

As the first edition of Markham's work did not appear until 1611, Shakspere can hardly be indebted to it, unless it had been in circulation in manuscript for some years previously, which is not impossible, seeing that Markham was born about 1568, and that he was known as an author before "Midsummer Night's Dream" could have been written. More probably, however, both works reflect facts and ideals current at the time.

ALBERT S. COOK.

YALE UNIVERSITY, June 4, 1904.

Notes.

An illustrated work, Weale's 'Mantchuria,' is promised directly by Macmillan Co., along with 'War Neutrality in the Far East,' by Dr. T. J. Lawrence.

Howard Duffield is one of the ministers of the gospel who find in Wagner's "Parsifal" a work not to be attacked, but eulogized. In his 'Parsifal the Guileless Fool' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) he maintains that the scope of this music-drama "is encyclopædic; that it runs the gamut of experience; that it sweeps a circle of influence as vast as the horizon of human opinion." He undertakes, among other things, to show why the Pilgrim Fathers and Washington and Lincoln were "guileless fools" like Parsifal. The 'Parsifal' by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (Funk & Wagnalls) is a reprint from one of his books, which those who have heard or expect to hear Wagner's last work may read with interest and profit. It is an account of a Bayreuth performance in 1883.

When a teacher or author of a treatise for singing-teachers and pupils begins, as Salvatore Marchesi does in his 'Vademecum' (Schirmer), by declaring that "the best traditions of the art of singing are, with very few exceptions, nearly lost," he shows such ignorance as to the present golden age of song that one feels tempted not to read on. His little treatise of forty-eight pages, nevertheless, contains useful hints and sensible remarks. Percy Goetschius's 'Counterpoint Applied' (Schirmer) and Benjamin Cutter's 'Harmonic Analysis' (Oliver Ditson) are meritorious books for serious students of music. Luigi Lombard's 'Osservazioni di un Musicista Nord-Americano' (Milan: Fratelli Treves) is an Italian version of a series of short talks on musical subjects which appeared in this country a few years ago.

When such a production as 'Book-Lovers, Bibliomaniacs and Book Clubs,' by Henry H. Harper, privately printed, and written "for the exclusive use of the members of a private book club" in Boston, comes to our hands through the courtesy of the author, literary criticism is obviously impertinent. To the highly select public which this author addresses, his remarks may be replete with novelty and interest, or may have some subtle and peculiar charm which eludes an outsider. But the veriest outsider can appreciate the exquisite typography of this little volume.

Mr. Macray's leisurely (because laborious) 'Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford' (Henry Frowde) reaches volume four, and, after the customary extracts from the registers and accounts which reflect the manners and customs of the period, presents biographical sketches of the Fellows from 1648 to 1712. This embraces the two English Revolutions; and if on the one hand we see the Parliamentary soldiers garrisoning Oxford in 1648 abused by one George Nicholson, M.A., Demy, and Curate of Horspath, not unmindful of their battering the college chapel in 1642 on the entry into Oxford, on the other we have in 1688 the "intruded Fellows" of King James II.'s Catholic nomination, including John Dryden, son of the poet. Intrusion for intrusion, Mr. Macray pronounces the Parliament's based on learning and ability, in most instances; the King's, chiefly on agreement with him in religion.

The well-known secretary of the Charity Organization Society of London, Mr. C. S. Loch, has collected a number of papers relating to social reform in a volume entitled 'Methods of Social Advance' (Macmillan). These papers are the result of discussions that have taken place at meetings of the Council of the Society, and are of interest as showing the views of those engaged in its practical work. Perhaps the most striking contribution is the account given by Mr. George Livesey of the "industrial partnership" in the South Metropolitan Gas Company. In the course of a dozen years nearly every man employed has become a stockholder, and their interest now amounts to £170,000, or an average holding of £40. Mr. Livesey maintains that the system can be employed as well in other industries as in gas works. It has put an end to strikes; but the trade-unions oppose its extension, and the Socialists do not favor it.

In this connection we may mention Mr. Nicholas Paine Gilman's 'Methods of Industrial Peace' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). It treats of combinations of employers and combinations of laborers, and then discusses the contests arising between these organizations, the necessity of regulating them in the public interest, and the methods by which they may be prevented or settled. The factory system, under which great numbers of workmen are brought together, seems to lead almost inevitably to "collective bargaining"; a process which is very carefully examined. The functions of boards of conciliation and arbitration are stated, and there are special chapters on legal regulation of disputes in industries of the nature of monopolies, and on the New Zealand experiment. Mr. Gilman speaks favorably, on the whole, of trade unions; but he insists on the absolute necessity of preserving order, and of ending such controversies as that which paralyzed the anthracite coal trade two years since. Some documents of interest are presented, such as the New Zealand law, and the rules of certain trade associations. Mr. Gilman takes a hopeful view of the future; and if the parties to industrial quarrels would follow his advice, the world would be much happier.

As to trade unions, Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, who discussed their methods a year or two ago in the London *Times*, has republished his letters in a volume entitled 'Trade

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Unionism and British Industry' (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Some startling facts are stated by Mr. Pratt, such as the diminution of the work done by bricklayers. Thirty years ago some men laid 1,200 bricks in a day, and twenty years ago 1,000 bricks were laid in ordinary work. Now the bricklayers' union fixes the maximum tale at 400, and the London County Council is said to call 330 "a fair day's work." Mr. Pratt describes the effects on a number of trades of the union policy of restricting production; but his charges are in most cases rather vague. The number of causes that may affect the prosperity of any industry is so great as to make it very difficult to prove that a decline in its productiveness is due to any particular influence.

More favorable views of trade unions are to be found in 'Elementary Principles of Economics,' by R. T. Ely and G. R. Wicker (Macmillan). We are reminded that employers have sometimes given secret encouragement to strikes when they wished to close their works for a time, and that the real aim of the unions is to raise the workman's standard of life. "The use of 'Union Labels' placed upon goods made by union labor under conditions satisfactory to the organization is becoming increasingly frequent and effective." As is to be expected in writings of this class, protective tariffs are gently handled, although it is admitted that "it is impossible to tolerate permanently a bad condition of things, and we are justified in demanding that there shall be progress in our tariff policy." The enormous increase in public expenditures must not be thought due to recklessness or dishonesty. "Government activity, while wiser than before, is also more extensive and important." It is conceded, however, that it is "at least regrettable that 70 per cent. of the regular Federal expenditures are due to past wars and to the preparation for war." Why does it not occur to our economists that the cause of labor would be more advanced by abolishing this expenditure than by all other expedients?

Among the scholars of an uncreative age, the history of criticism naturally attracts considerable attention, and no small share of their researches has been devoted to the period of critical origins in the Renaissance. Two volumes of a collection of "Elizabethan Critical Essays," edited by a most competent scholar, Mr. G. Gregory Smith, have just issued from the Clarendon Press; but most of the historical studies on the Continent have concerned more directly the Italian critics from whom the Elizabethans, like all other Renaissance men of letters, drew their inspiration. Among the most interesting and influential of these critics was Lodovico Castelvetro, who is important as the first to formulate with precision the so-called "dramatic unities," and whose work directly influenced Sir Philip Sidney's 'Defence of Poesy.' A young scholar, G. Cavazzuti, last year published an extended monograph on the life of Castelvetro and on the state of Modenese culture during his lifetime; and there now comes to us an important treatise by another Italian scholar, Antonio Fusco, 'La Poetica di Lodovico Castelvetro' (Naples: Luigi Pierro), in which this critic's poetic theory is historically and philosophically considered. The study of poetic theory is essential to a proper understanding of the changes of literary taste and the historical development of criticism. In the case of Castelvetro this is of especial significance, since his *magnum opus* is a commentary on Aristotle's 'Poetics' (1570), in which an independent and in some senses a very modern mind searchingly examines the basis of Hellenic theory, and prepares the way for the neo-classic canons of the century that followed. Dr. Fusco has not approached his theme in the mere spirit of pedantic erudition, but studies Castelvetro's poetic theory from the standpoint of the latest æsthetic conceptions. The book will interest students of æsthetics scarcely less than those directly occupied with the history of literary criticism.

The first volume of Eduard Fuchs's 'Die Karikatur der Europäischen Völker' (Berlin: A. Hofmann & Co.) was published nearly three years ago, and was noticed in these columns. It gives a history of European caricature from its origin and earliest development to the year 1848. The second volume, which has just appeared, covers the period from 1848 to the present time. It contains 515 illustrations in the text and 62 large prints, some of them in colors and many of them reproduced from rare copies of prominent art journals and organs of wit and humor; the whole constituting an exceedingly entertaining, epigrammatic delineation of historical events during the latter half of the nineteenth century. In antiquity, caricature seems to have been confined to frescoes, vases, coins, and the grotesque figures of gargoyles; and in the Middle Ages it found expression chiefly in the carvings on the capitals of columns and on the stalls of the chancels in churches or in the miniature paintings of manuscripts. Modern improvements in wood-engraving, in etching on different metals, and in lithographic, heliotypic, chemiglyptic, and other technical processes, gave it a new impulse, contributing immensely to its evolution and extension, and vastly increasing its importance as a factor in the formation of public opinion. Especially interesting and instructive is the author's account of the growth and influence of political caricature during the last thirty years, as well as of the efforts of official censorship to suppress it, which have been successful only in Russia. The work is written in an attractive style, and aims to be popular in its character, but is on that account none the less scientific.

Dr. Edgar Dacque's volume, entitled 'Der Descendenzgedanke und seine Geschichte vom Altertum bis zur Neuzeit' (Munich: Ernst Reinhardt), consists of two treatises, of which the first contains a clear and concise exposition of the modern theory of evolution, while the second gives an historical survey of the doctrine of descent from the earliest times to the present day, beginning with primitive myths of creation and ending with Darwin's 'Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection,' anticipations and suggestions of which are found in the speculations of ancient philosophers. In this province of thought the Middle Ages, under the dominion of the Romish hierarchy, were utterly barren, owing to the suppression of all researches opposed to the traditions of the Church. Dacque's presentation of the subject is necessarily succinct, but is quite satisfactory.

The State Historical Society of Wisconsin has just published a Descriptive List of the works on English history in its collection, prepared by Dr. Asa Currier Tilton. "This collection," we are told, "numbers about 15,000 volumes, a figure exceeded by few libraries in the United States." The compiler has given chief attention to "the works which furnish sources," like the Rolls Series, the Calendars of State Papers, the Historical MSS. Commission's Reports, the Deputy Keeper's Reports, etc. Even from the Dutch Tank Collection a notable list is made up.

From the Library of Congress comes a Select List of References on the British Tariff Movement (Chamberlain's Plan), compiled under the direction of Mr. A. P. C. Griffin.

Two items of interest in the current report of the Cleveland Public Library Board occur at pages 24 and 43. The Library has parted with its supervisor of children's work to become library instructor in the Normal School, *i. e.*, to teach the classification and arrangement of a library, the use of catalogues, indexes, bibliographies, and other like aids to research, the use of reference books, and the criticism and selection of books for children. In the Library itself a novel feature is the "story hour" for invited pupils of the lower grades in the public schools. "Hero stories" have been told. "The children listen attentively, and invariably ask for the book from which the story is taken."

President Eliot's jubilee fills a large space in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* for June, and is illustrated with early portraits. The epoch-making inaugural address of 1869 is fitly reproduced. The most significant new matter is the report of the Committee on Improving Instruction, which has a lesson for all colleges and universities. "Too much teaching and too little studying" is one of its findings. Outside attention should also be drawn to Prof. J. K. Paine's review of the history of the musical department, of which he was the practical founder; but Harvard men themselves may heed the appeal for a separate building for the department, whose utility alike and fruitfulness as an example would be vastly increased by possessing a habitation of its own. In the Corporation records we remark the humble gift of six dollars from "the Japan Club of Harvard University" towards binding books relating to Japan in the University Library.

La Vérité sur le Congo, the organ of the Federation for the defence of Belgian interests abroad, number eight, contains a semi-official "note" on the report of the British consul, Mr. Casement, upon the treatment of the natives by the officials of the Congo Independent State. Considered simply as an answer to the charges of persistent cruelty in the report, without reference to similar testimony from other sources, it has some weight. The decline of population is declared to have been caused by epidemics and the migratory habits of the natives, not, as Mr. Casement says, by their inhuman treatment. This may be true of some districts, but it is not true of others. Lord Cromer, for instance, writes that the Egyptian bank of the upper Nile was dotted with villages; while on the opposite Belgian bank for eighty miles "I do not think any of our party saw a single human being," except the officials and their followers, and the reason is, "the natives are afraid of the Belgians." The charge of systematic cruelty in collecting the taxes is denied, though it is admitted

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that isolated cases have occurred. The numerous mutilations alleged to have been made for failure to collect rubber are attributed to native superstitions. A large part of the "notes" is taken up with an examination of a single case reported by the consul. The untrustworthiness of the evidence on which he relies is proved by the fact "that beside Mr. Casement, who questioned the natives, were two Protestant English missionaries of the region, whose presence alone would necessarily bias the depositions." It is apparently impossible to conceive that the presence of Belgian officials at a subsequent examination could exert any influence upon the testimony. A most damaging admission is the statement in this connection that the English Protestant missionaries as a body are "antagonists of the established authority."

The masters of secondary schools in Russia have been directed by the Ministry of Public Instruction to inform their pupils as to the origin and significance of the war with Japan. They must, however, base their lessons in patriotism on a carefully prepared scheme contained in a circular which has been sent to each of them. This begins with a statement of the causes of the expansion of the Empire, and then contrasts favorably Russia's relations with the natives of the acquired territory with those of the Western nations with their foreign subjects, referring among other instances to the present condition of the negroes in the United States and of the native population of the Philippines. Especial emphasis is laid on the fact that "all tribes, even those least advanced in civilization, receive, on becoming incorporated into the Russian Empire, all the civil rights enjoyed by the Russians themselves; to their most conspicuous representatives the way is opened to the highest positions of State, and their families of high birth are received into the ranks of the Russian aristocracy." A similar contrast is to be drawn in the instruction between the wars waged by Russia and the Western nations, pointed reference being made to England's opium war with China. The concluding statement of the introduction is that the United States and England have "thrust forward as an opponent of Russia Japan. . . . They calculated that the war would weaken both Russia and Japan, and would render it easier for themselves to further their own interests."

The weekly edition of the Kobe *Chronicle*, now in its twelfth number, treats of the war between Japan and Russia. Besides a good colored map, each number has a spirited full-page drawing, abundant half-tone illustrations with excellent battle-plans, news notes, and a few reproductions of articles and caricatures from Occidental newspapers, making a collection of documents and pictures that will greatly aid the historian of the present war. The plan of the battle of the Yalu is particularly clear, detailed, and informing. Whatever one may think about Japanese religious opinion, it is certainly a new thing in the history of Japan to read in the text of Admiral Togo's Official Report of the seventh and eighth attack on Port Arthur by the Japanese squadron, that, after attributing much of whatever advantages were gained to the illustrious virtue of his Majesty, he adds, "yet there still remains much in our success which cannot be attributed to human agency. We cannot help firmly believing that it is simply owing to Providential help." Among other documents in this collection of pamphlets is the full text of the correspondence between Barons Komura and Rosen, representing Japan and Russia. Among the illustrations is a full-page one showing nine typical war vessels of Japan, from the many-oared galley of 1848 to the battleship of 1904.

Hawthorne's natal centenary is being celebrated in Salem, Mass., to-day, in advance of the proper 4th of July, by the Essex Institute, with speeches and letters from eminent personages, and in connection with a collection of Hawthorne portraits, manuscripts, first editions, and souvenirs in the Society's rooms. At the same time and in the same city a reunion of descendants of the original immigrant, "the Worshipful Major William Hathorne," is in progress.

—The organization of the work of teaching economics has produced a textbook literature that bids fair to become embarrassing. For years Wayland and Walker monopolized the classroom, but within the last decade this influence has waned, and no one name casts a spell. The result is a large increase of books for high schools as well as for colleges; most of them the creditable productions of the younger university professors. Professor Seager's 'Introduction to Economics' (Henry Holt & Co.) is intended for college work, and, with its many excellent features, has added to the difficulty of making a selection. Under the circumstances it is not profitable to enter into a discussion of much that is on the whole fairly well stated; but in a book whose statements are so well-tempered it is a great disappointment to come upon the discussion of education of our "middle class," *i. e.*, those whose incomes range from $1,500 to $3,000 a year for each family (p. 236). The reference to the public schools might have been made by a high and dry Tory reviewer in *Blackwood's*. There is food for reflection for Mr. Seager to be found in President Eliot's latest Report, in which are figures showing that at Harvard the public high schools carry off the honors; and every wide-awake university professor knows that his university is becoming increasingly dependent upon the public schools for the supply of students. So, to say that the "middle class," "either from necessity or because they undervalue the training offered by high schools and colleges," withdraw their children from school, is unsupported by any observation worthy of the name. The noteworthy increase in high-school attendance, and the fact that the high school is now the feeder of the university, show that Mr. Seager's fears that the children of the middle class "are being shaped all to one common mould," and so stand a fair chance of swelling the mass of mediocrity, are altogether unfounded.

—From the Field Columbian Museum, Chicago, issues 'The Arapaho Sun Dance, the Ceremony of the Offerings Lodge,' by George A. Dorsey, Curator, Department of Anthropology; an exceedingly elaborate and minute description of an Indian ceremony, beautifully illustrated. It has the great merit of being strictly matter-of-fact, devoid of all sentimentalism and subjective attempts at explanation. Dr. Dorsey has conferred a lasting benefit upon students of the Indians of the North American plains. The book is the more valuable since the ceremony will probably not be witnessed many years more. The author says: "That the time is soon coming when the ceremony will be no longer given by any tribe, there is no doubt." "The ceremony of the Sun Dance is performed in compliance with a vow, generally made during winter, but which may be made, however, at other seasons of the year. The vow is in the nature of a pledge, that the speaker will make provision for the erection of the lodge and for the proper performance of the ceremony if the *man-above* will grant him his wish in regard to some particular matter." While in former times torture was, to a limited extent, one of the accessories to the ceremony, it is now, according to Mr. Dorsey, almost completely abolished, and the chief objection to the Dance thereby removed. There is, in fact, nothing in the whole performance to arouse special aversion against it. It will, so the author of this valuable account states, die a natural death like all primitive rites of the kind, and there is no longer any cause for official prohibition. After the thorough description given of it in this book, we shall have few pretexts for regretting its disappearance on the score of ethnologic research. Very interesting, indeed, are the numerous folktales at the end of the book. Like all Indian myths, they are not surcharged with meaning, unless fancifully interpreted, which Dr. Dorsey, who knows too much, is careful and sober enough not to attempt. The origin myth is a valuable contribution to our knowledge of Indian lore.

—The feelings with which Spain—or at least a portion of its inhabitants—regards the advent of the friars compelled to leave the Philippines, are forcibly set forth by Don Viriato Diaz-Pérez in a little work entitled 'Los Frailes de Filipinas' (Madrid, 1904). The evident passion of the writer suggests that his statements should be taken with considerable allowance, but he seems to be thoroughly informed as to facts and details, and if one-half of his indictment be true, it is easy to understand the detestation in which the religious orders were held, excepting the Jesuits, for whom he has no censure. A single case of the many he relates will suffice to render this intelligible. Up to 1874 the Augustinians, he says, held a little property of about sixty acres, known as the Hacienda del Santo Niño de Cebú. Then they spread a report that all the lands of the district not attached to the Santo Niño were about to be granted by the Government to an English company, to found an agricultural colony. When the Indians were thoroughly frightened, the good frailes got them to sign a paper, drawn up in Spanish, which they did not understand, making over their properties to the convent, subject to their remaining as tenants at a rent to be settled every three years. For the first term this was fixed at two pesetas an acre; then it was raised at successive periods until the annual payment was more than the value of the land. The unhappy Indians were unable to pay the rents, and were given forty-eight hours' notice to quit. Their huts were burnt, their cattle were seized, more than five thousand families were driven forth homeless, and flourishing villages like Concepcion and Tolisay were vir-

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tually depopulated. Sr. Diaz-Pérez also pays his respects to Fray Nozaleda, the whilom Archbishop of Manila, who has been comforted with the Archbishopric of Valencia, to the effect that he collected $19,000 of unearned salary and evaded all attempts to make him disgorge.

—The *Korea Review*, which, during the present year, has given the reports of eye-witnesses of the naval battle at Chemulpo and of the movements of the Japanese on land, presents in the number for April a diagram of the imperial palace in Seul, which was burned on the night of April 14. This huge collection of buildings, huddled closely together, some purely native in style, some purely foreign, and others still a mixture of the East and West, became a level waste of ashes in a few hours. Korean floors are nothing but stone covers to ramifying flues, through which the smoke and heat of the fire kindled at one end of the house pass out at the other. From one of these overheated flues near woodwork, it seems, the fire started, though no alarm was given until thirty minutes afterwards. When the men of the British legation with their patent fire extinguishers and the American legation guards, Japanese, and others, with buckets and engines, tried to be of service, they found the gates closed and barred. They were foiled at every point, and this largely because of historical and very ancient reasons. The general practice of conspirators against throne or palace has been to start a fire. Hence, by rigid rule, the first care has always been to shut the palace gates and to give access to no one. No outcry or tumult is allowed. Only after these regulations are followed out is the Emperor awakened and informed of the fact that the palace is on fire. Then, and only then, can any attempt be made to quench the flames. With such etiquette, the one thing certain is a devouring fire, which in this case included archives, libraries, gold and silver treasures and souvenirs, besides much else that cannot be replaced. The careless workmen were condemned and nominally banished for a term of years, soon probably to be reprieved. The Old Palace, in which Queen Min was murdered, has been repaired and occupied. The 5th of May, being a lucky day on which a moving can be accomplished without fear of the spirits that overpopulate Korean air, earth, and water taking offence, was selected for the day of occupation. A paper on the condition of Internal Affairs in Korea, by one who has lived in the country eighteen years, shows an appalling condition of misrule, anarchy, brigandage, and cruelty, leaving little or no incentive to industry or enterprise. Professor Hulbert's Korean History begins the seventeenth chapter, bringing down the national story to 1890.

—Those attracted towards the subtleties of Hindu metaphysical thought will find a fresh field of interest in the forty-eighth volume of the "Sacred Books of the East," just published at the Clarendon Press (New York: H. Frowde). The work continues the exposition of the Vedânta Sûtras begun in the thirty-fourth and thirty-eighth volumes, in which Thibaut gave the commentary of Shankara. The present volume complements this Vedânta series by an exposition of the commentary of Râmânuja at the hands of the same capable scholar. Thibaut's claim that Râmânuja's theistic interpretation is truer than Shankara's view has met considerable criticism, and it would have been a valuable addition to the present volume if the translator had expanded his previous argument. The eight hundred pages of translation probably prevented this, but it may be hoped that a full critique of both interpretations will appear in course of time. To the Western reader the great stumbling-block to any interest in the commentaries or even in the texts of Hindu philosophical tracts is the evasion of all discussion by a reference to authority. Scripture decides, not logic. It is curious, however, to see that when authorities disagree (as, for example, in the all-important question of a conditioned or a non-conditioned Brahman), the texts referring to Brahman as devoid of qualities "are of greater force because they are later in order than those which speak of Brahman as having qualities"; and they are "later" simply because they deny; all denial presupposing that which is to be denied. In the dogmatic conclusion of our Hindu philosopher, "thus everything is settled."

RECENT POETRY.

Somewhere in the ample writings of Sir Kenelm Digby there is a quaint and haunting anecdote of one born blind, who yet knew when a candle was brought into the room only by the quickening and reviving of his spirits. Something like this is the essential poetic motive which is exhibited on a stage of epical magnitude in Mr. William Vaughn Moody's 'The Fire-Bringer' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). In his prefatory note Mr. Moody informs us that 'The Fire-Bringer' is the first member of a trilogy on the Promethean theme of which 'The Masque of Judgment,' already published, is the second member; but as the Angel Raphael is the chief character of the Masque, it is evident that Mr. Moody has conceived the Promethean theme with a certain largeness, and that the protagonist of the third member is not easily to be guessed. The fable of 'The Fire-Bringer' deals with the lost first part of the Æschylean trilogy—the first, that is, in the temporal sequence of the story, though it was seemingly the last to be played—as Shelley's 'Prometheus Unbound' dealt with the lost third. Like Shelley, Mr. Moody has departed from the traditional notion of the character based on the 'Prometheus Bound.' But his Prometheus is not the Godwinian democrat of Shelley, any more than he is the indomitable anarch of Æschylus; he is, rather, the avatar, with a suggestion of the poetic sky-treader who resembles Shelley himself more than his hero. The structure of the piece is nobly simple. In the first act we have an impressive picture of the world peopled from the stones and clods of Deukalion and Pyrrha, inert and despairing, devoid of light, of heat, of all aspiration and desire. From the contemplation of this despair, and from the quenchless faith of his mistress Pandora, Prometheus conceives his purpose of filching fire from Heaven,

> "To light the passion of the world again
> And fill man's veins with music."

In the second act this is accomplished, and we have a remarkable passage describing the coming of light across the world, quite comparable in nobility and beauty to Milton's Invocation to Light in the third book of his 'Paradise Lost,' or to any of the great prose rhapsodies on the theme of χαῖρε φῶς. In the third act Prometheus, after an eloquent revelation of his forethinking mind, goes collectedly to the doom which he knows to be inevitable.

It is pleasant to be able to say categorically that in poise and purity of tone, in technical adroitness, and in ripeness of thought 'The Fire Bringer' shows an unmistakable advance over 'The Masque of Judgment,' which we found so finely promising three years ago. The perfect imaginative realization of an ideal theme, the masterly composition of a thousand details of classical antiquarianism into a single coherent and beautiful whole, are by themselves sufficient to mark Mr. Moody as one of the finest poetic artists of our time. His art, too, whether consciously or not, is full of intimations and modern meanings for the reflective reader. It is, perhaps, inquiring too curiously to see in the sickening darkness of the first act a poetic foreshadowing of the dull materialism of an age of force worship and scientific agnosticism, or in the mission of Prometheus the perennial life-giving service of the true poet; but one need exercise no ingenuity to be aware how the mood of wonder engendered in a poetic imagination by the science of the hour colors the blank-verse passage that we present as a sample of Mr. Moody's habitual manner, or to feel both the modernity and the sempiternity of the song that we subjoin as a specimen of his best attainment.

"For you the moon stilly imagineth
Her loiterings and her soft vicissitudes;
For you the Pleiades are seven, and one
Wanders invisible because of you;
For you the snake is burnished in the spring,
The flower has plots touching its marriage time,
The queen-bee from her wassailed lords soars high
And high and high into the nuptial blue,
Till only one heroic lover now
Flies with her, and her royal wish is prone
To the elected one, whose dizzy heart
Presageth him of ecstasy and death.
For you the sea has rivers in the midst,
And fathomless abysses where it breeds
Fantastic life; and each its tiniest drop
Flung from the fisher's oar-blade in the sun
Has rivers, abysses, and fantastic life.
For your sakes it was spoken of the soul
That it shall be a sea whereon the moon
Has might, and the four winds shall walk upon it—
Also it has great rivers in the midst,
Uncharted islands that no sailor sees,
And fathomless abysses where it breeds
Mysterious life; yea, each its tiniest drop
Flung from the fisher's oar-blade in the sun
Has rivers, tempests, and eternal tides,
Untouched-at isles, horizons never hailed,
And fathomless abysses where it breeds
Incredible life, without astonishment."

"Of wounds and sore defeat
I made my battle stay;
Winged sandals for my foot
I wove of my delay;
I made my shouting spear;
Of loss, and doubt, and dread,
Of weariness and fear,
And swift oncoming doom
I made a helmet for my head
And a floating plume.
From the shutting mist of death
From the failure of the breath,
I made a battle-horn to blow
Across the vales of overthrow.
O hearken, love, the battle-horn!
The triumph clear, the silver scorn!
O hearken where the echoes bring,
Down the gray disastrous morn,
Laughter and rallying!"

Yet if we are to speak our whole mind concerning a poet for whose abilities and serious devotion to the poetic art we have nothing but grateful admiration, we are bound to certain reserves. The form of drama, whether lyrical or not, does not seem to us the form best suited to Mr. Moody's quality. There is always a collectedness in his writing; always a careful manipulation of *sonantia verba et antiqua;* always a laborious attention to *gravis et decora constructio*, which are wholly admir-

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able in ode or elegy, but which estop the wings of a lyric, and are likely to rob a drama of due dramatic passion. Mr. Moody softens the chiselled outlines of classic tragedy by many touches of a Virgilian poignancy, many voices of human wistfulness. So he just misses the invincible charm of the pure classic manner, while he never quite attains the spontaneity and unction by which alone any other type of drama justifies its form. In short, like Mr. Stephen Phillips's, whose poetic position is in many respects comparable to his, Mr. Moody's adventures in the dramatic form are not likely to afford true poetic pleasure to as many readers as his earlier and less ambitious pieces have done. We shall welcome the third member of the Promethean trilogy, but we shall hope to see more poems like the noble "Ode in Time of Hesitation" and the tenderly elegiac "Daguerreotype."

In his tragedy of "Tristran and Isolde" (Brentano's) Mr. Louis K. Anspacher shows his ability to write vigorous and passionate dramatic verse, and to make his people use a vivid imaginative speech without falling into the pseudo-Elizabethan manner. He has treated the story of Tristran as the traditional tragedy of fatal love, but he has gone further than most of the poets who have treated it, in reading into the curious *situation à trois* a Euripidean pity and pathos. This he does, chiefly, by sentimentalizing the character of King Mark, who quite makes good Tristran's words:

"King Mark's full clemency will never fail;
He is a tree that, wounded, yields a balm,
Which like a benediction pities all."

The treatment of the familiar story is fresh in its choice of the scenes for presentation; it is always readable, and often finely poetic. But though there are many excellent passages of dramatic clash and surprise, Mr. Anspacher has not been wholly successful in tying and untying his tragic knot. The action is fitful rather than sustained, and Tristran as hero has too much protestation and too little business. He docilely suffers himself to be stabbed both in the third act and in the fifth, which for the purposes of ideal tragedy is once too often.

How admirable, even in an unpoetic age, may be the results of the cultivation of verse writing as a fine art is to be seen in the latest volumes of Mr. Bliss Carman and Mr. John Payne. Mr. Carman's 'Sappho' (L. C. Page) is an unusually successful experiment in quantitative versification, full of the graceful pagan sentiment of which Mr. Carman is so easy a master. The flute-like limpidity of Mr. Carman's verse, a fit expression for the Lydian quality of his sentiment, is as remote as possible from the deathless intensity of the Lesbian. Yet his attempt to recapture her lost odes has resulted in many strophes of pleasant poetry, as will appear from these that follow:

"When the early soft spring wind comes blowing
Over Rhodes and Samos and Miletus,
From the seven mouths of Nile to Lesbos,
Freighted with sea-odors and gold sunshine,

"What news spreads among the island people
In the market-place of Mitylene,
Lending that unwonted stir of gladness
To the busy streets and thronging doorways?

"Is it word from Ninus or Arbela,
Babylon the great, or Northern Imbros?
Have the laden galleons been sighted
Stoutly laboring up the sea from Tyre?

"Nay, 'tis older news that foreign sailor
With the cheek of sea-tan stops to prattle
To the young fig-seller with her basket
And the breasts that bud beneath her tunic.

"And I hear it in the rustling tree-tops.
All this passionate bright tender body
Quivers like a leaf the wind has shaken,
Now love wanders through the aisles of spring-time."

The knowledge of many words and the delicate instinct for their happy employment which have made memorable Mr. John Payne's translations from French and Italian, Persian, and Arabic, appear to excellent advantage in his 'Songs of Consolation' (Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co.). Mr. Payne's poetic vision is not without a measure of that "sad lucidity" which distinguished Mr. Arnold's, and some of his lyrical pieces on themes like resignation and the coming of old age have a poignant directness that is wholly admirable and impressive. We like him better, however, in his dealings with quasi-mediæval themes, where his linguistic antiquarianism and extraordinary metrical ingenuity have freer play. Perhaps the best thing in the volume is "The Coming of the Dove," a poem on the annunciation. The tenderly naïve soliloquy of the Virgin tempts to quotation, but a better specimen of Mr. Payne's quality is the conclusion of the speech of the Genii Universales, whose triple internal rhymes and opulence of assonance and alliteration comport excellently with the supernatural speakers, and half disguise the pessimism that they express.

"I grieve as I go, Forsooth for I know The travail and woe untold,
The wrack and the war, The stressfulness sore,
That the future in store doth hold,
The horror of hate 'Twixt the small and the great, In the scriptures of Fate enscrolled,
The dearth and the death, The sorrow and scaith,
That the forthcoming faith enfold,
The frost that shall fall On the hut and the hall,
On great and on small, young and old.
The bale that shall brood On the ill and the good, On weald and on wood and on wold,
When the breeze shall be bare Of the sylphs of the air Nor the elves shall set share in the mould,
When the Dryad the brake And the Naiad the lake And the Faun shall forsake the fold,
When the smile from the sea And the laugh from the lea And the green from the tree shall be polled,
When, for sorrowful thought, Men rejoice not in aught And all shall be bought and sold.
And well I know, well, That the spirits, in hell And in heaven that dwell, shall behold
The dawn of the day When the folk, for dismay Of their summerless way, heavy-souled,
Shall, dumb in their doom, In their lives without bloom Look back from their gloom and their cold,
From the blood-boltered maze Of their faiths and their frays, And sigh for the days of old,
When the Gods debonair, The frank and the fair,
Yet governed the age of gold."

The remaining volumes of the long row which represents the spring season's output of verse include none of sufficiently fine or individual poetic quality to call for more than passing mention. Mr. John Lewis March's 'Book of Verse' (Badger), Miss Mary Ainge de Vere's 'The Wind-swept Wheat' (Badger), and Miss Ruth Young's 'Verses' (Longmans) all show a sincere though slender inspiration, and the faculty of correct and graceful versification without distinction. "In Fifty Years," by Madam Belloc (Sands), a new edition of 'The Saga of the Oak,' by William H. Venable (Dodd, Mead & Co.), and 'A Sunset Idyl,' by Eben Jenks Loomis (The Riverside Press), with less of tunefulness than the three just mentioned, are more thoughtful and filled with a riper sentiment. Mr. Loomis's volume in particular, with its transcendentalism and mild Wordsworthian fluency, is pleasant reading. Mr. Charles G. Kendall's English version of Julius Wolff's 'Tannhäuser' (Badger) is a commonplace and generally infelicitous specimen of verse translation, filling two stout volumes. It is likely to prove of a certain homely service to students of the legend; but such should not waste time in a search for Gaget's 'Livre des Grandes Merveilles d'Amour,' to which Mr. Kendall easily refers his reader for further information. As we have had occasion to point out before, "Gaget's" book has no more substantial existence (outside the brain of Mr. Swinburne) than the tracts of Dr. Primrose. 'The Ballads of Bourbonnais,' by Wallace Bruce Amsbary (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill) has a certain dialectic interest, and the 'Poems' of Andrew Edward Watrous (Lippincott) have at times an unction that makes them readable. 'Frog Hollow Post Bag' by Henry D. Muir, 'Poems' by Pauline Frances Camp, 'Friends Hither and Yon' by L. F. S. Barnard, 'The Radiant Road' by Ethelwyn Wetherald, 'Songs of a Deeper Note' by Edmund Corliss Sherburne, 'Echoes from the Home of Halleck' by S. Ward Loper, 'Poem Pictures' by Laura Case Downing, 'Far from the Stone Streets' by Henry and Helen Chadwick, 'The Rose of Seville' by Elizabeth Minot, and 'Quarry Slaves' by Lee Byrne, all published in Boston by Badger, show poetic ambition.

EIGHT NOVELS.

The Silent Places. By Stewart Edward White. McClure, Phillips & Co.

The Grafters. By Francis Lynde. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Merry Anne. By Samuel Merwin. The Macmillan Co.

A Little Union Scout. By Joel Chandler Harris. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Later Adventures of Wee Macgreegor. By J. J. Bell. Harper & Brothers.

The Faith of Men. By Jack London. Macmillan.

The Colonel. By the late Capt. Olivieri Sangiacomo. Translated by E. Spender. London: David Nutt.

The Island Pharisees. By John Galsworthy. Putnams.

Few of the story-tellers who go to the uttermost ends of the earth for treasure fare so well as Mr. Stewart White in 'The Silent Places' of the North. His tale opens with a picturesque description of Conjuror's House, a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, where the situation is promptly disclosed. An Obijway named Jingoss having failed to turn up at the post with furs representing the amount of his annual "debt," the factor, Galen Albret, feels that, for the sake of the moral effect on the company's host of vagrant debtors, Jingoss must be sought out, captured, and brought before him for punishment. For this difficult task he selects an old and tried woodsman, Sam Bolton, and a youth, Dick Herron, whose spurs are still to win. After explaining the errand and announcing the reward for success, he adds autocratically, as becomes one of those despots whose word makes law and who used to hold in their hands the power of life or death: "I want no doubt. If you accept this, you must not fail. Either you must come back with that Indian, or you must not come back at all. I won't accept any excuse for failure. I won't accept any failure. It does not matter if it takes ten years. *I want that man.*"

Thus admonished, the men set forth, to be presently joined by an Ojibway girl

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resolute to attach herself to Herron, who as resolutely repulses her. But unobtrusive, watchful, and supremely useful, this Ruth of the Ojibway nation follows by trail and stream through the summer weather. When a long winter chase of the erring Jingoss is decided on, in language scarcely less poetical than that of her Jewish prototype she declares her intention to follow faithfully, even unto death. "You'll have a lot of trouble dragging a squaw all over the North," said Herron, throwing the responsibility on the older man, and Bolton hesitated and argued with the "Little Sister." Respectfully listening, she packed her snowshoes and blankets on the sledge. There was a flame in her heart that challenged the frozen North. No man could control her destiny.

So far the interest lies chiefly in physical adventure and in descriptions of progress through a wilderness that in its most favoring aspect lends little aid or comfort to the enterprise of man. As winter's icy breath blows over land and water the interest becomes subjective, and we are involved in a conflict between man's will to persist and conquer, and the passive, inexorable hostility of nature. For weeks the tiny sledge train slips over deserts of snow, Jingoss leading the way, and the keen-nosed hound, Mack, sniffing his trail. The heavy forests are passed; the low spruce and pointed firs fall behind; and so the train winds on into "the vast whiteness of the true north, where the trees are Lilliputian and the spaces gigantic beyond the measures of the earth; where living things dwindle to the significance of black specks, and the aurora crackles and shoots and spreads and threatens like a great inimical and magnificent spirit." At last Bolton knows that Jingoss is heading for the Barren Grounds, where there is no shelter and but one chance for food—that of meeting a single cariboo herd said to drift to and fro on the rim of the world. Yet they have no thought of turning back. Gradually they lost sight of the ultimate "object of their quest; it became absorbed by the immediate object, and that was following the trail." The day came when Bolton lay down on the sledge, whispering that he could live there several days, and urging Herron to push on, trusting himself to Mack's instinct. For two days more Herron follows the trail, and Little Sister (also the victim of mania) follows him. On the third day she fell, and Herron let her lie. Then, glad to be free, with a sense of elation of victory near at hand, he shot away from her. As his excitement passes, he becomes conscious of loss, of missing something he has long been used to. Terror clutches his heart, and when he realizes that the awful silence is unbroken, that there is no longer the *crunch, crunch* of following snowshoes, that he is all alone, without hesitation or a thought of the trail, he turns back.

As Herron waits for death with the dead girl in his arms, all baffled and battered, he passes from brutal boyhood into manhood. His eyes are opened to look upon life, and his heart understands. Here is the climax of the drama, thrilling enough to be called a supreme moment. It leaves us indifferent to the coming of Jingoss and cold to the sight of the cariboo herd, "drifting dim and ghostly, rank after rank, across the middle distance." The real strength of the tale is its spiritual significance, and that interpretation of the spirit of the wilderness which inevitably recalls by contrast the work of Mr. Joseph Conrad. Nature in the Silent Places of the North seems to strengthen and spiritualize men, whereas in the tropical forest, seething with life, she depresses and degrades. Mr. White cannot, like Mr. Conrad, intensify impression by an overwhelming rush of words. He is a little stiff, not guiltless of phrases that have more sound than sense, and shows signs of conscious struggle, sometimes of conscious failure, to say all he feels. Such defects are, however, superficial, and do not either conceal or seriously impair intrinsic worth. There can be no doubt that 'The Silent Places' is a contribution to imaginative literature.

Language, like most things in America, grows fast, but one cannot be so sure that it develops towards perfection. A year or two ago, a book called 'The Grafters' must have suggested persons employed in the growing of roses or in arboriculture—savory and pleasant occupations. To-day this is not the case. "Grafters" appears to have supplanted "boodlers," a word as ugly as the thing it represents, and to our mind more suggestive of persons engaged in picking and stealing on a large scale. The grafters, of whose grafting Mr. Lynde gives an involved but sufficiently horrifying account, comprise the executive of a Western State, a judge, a working majority of the Senate and House of Assembly, and a number of inferior persons spoken of as "troughsmen." These used to be called "henchmen," then "heelers," but the newer word may be accepted without cavil; it conveys all its meaning instantly to the dullest intelligence. These grafters are the most shameless ruffians to whom public attention has been invited. By comparison Mr. Steffens's serious revelations of political corruption pale, and a rather shocking group described in the novel entitled 'The Thirteenth District' become innocent as lambs and white as snow. Bucks, the Governor of the State, Meigs, the Attorney-General, and MacFarlane, the judge, are exhibited in the act of destroying the Trans-Western Railway for their own profit, not actually lifting rails and blowing up trains, but, by complicated methods (all criminal) taking it away from the people to whom it belongs. We do not pretend to understand their machinations, or those of Mr. Kent, counsel for the railway and hero of the tale; but presumably there are people in the West who can follow the plot intelligently, and who will not be disturbed by the rush of the "flyers" and "motors" on which the plotters habitually travel, or by the "wiring" and "phoning" incidental to the conduct of their nefarious business. In the end, owing to the astuteness of Kent, the high moral view of his sweetheart from Boston, and the wisdom of his Egeria, Miss Van Brock, all working together to a fine issue, the grafters are overcome and the Trans-Western shareholders, out of pure gratitude, make Mr. Kent a present of a large fortune. At least, we assume this explanation of his acquisition of a fortune, feeling certain that he came by it honestly, not because he ever strikes us as beyond temptation, but because the Boston girl had plainly let him know that she would have nothing whatever to do either with head "grafters" or "troughsmen."

The moral of the tale is unimpeachable, and to every voice crying in the wilderness let us give a willing and respectful ear. Still, to return to the unimportant matter of language (unimportant, that is, in comparison with national repute), we must protest (perhaps unadvisedly) against much of that in which this particular cry is uttered. We are puzzled to know on what principle Mr. Lynde selects some phrases. Why, for instance, is it better to say, "Loring oriented himself in a leisurely eye-sweep," than that Loring took his bearings in a moment, or in the twinkling of an eye? Of course, our interpretation of Mr. Lynde's phrase may be incorrect. What did Mr. Ormsby do to Elinor when he is said to have kept her "judiciously marooned" in a sleeping car, surrounded by relatives and fellow-citizens? Why does Kent implore an irritated editor to "keep his clothes on"? Is it the habit of excited Western editors to strip and rend their garments, like the prophets of old? Why does every one, hastily pursuing an object, "leg for it," and every one who is tired "get brain fag"? What do "panic-acidulous" and "panic-ardor," and a score more of the hyphenated words profusely scattered through the book, mean? How can an "occult prompting" "see to it" that a thing be done, and by what occult influence was Mr. Lynde prompted to describe the sudden stopping of a train as a "solution of continuity"? We hardly hope to like that phrase better when we have seen it oftener. A legion of novelists looms on the Western horizon; we cannot escape them even if we would. We are willing to submit to being driven hither and yon on their "flyers and motors"; we accept the racket of their "wiring and phoning," but in return ask for some concessions. They may in the end extort from us the sacrifice of our mother tongue, but let them use a giant's power mercifully, and remember that it is not sportsmanlike to hit a fellow when he is down.

Mr. Merwin appears to have appropriated for his use in fiction Lake Michigan and the industries pursued on its surface and shores. Traders who sail their own craft, fishermen, life-saving crews, smugglers, and revenue officers are drawn by him with an assurance that testifies to his acquaintance with both the men and their business. His people generally speak the speech of the illiterate, using local idiom sparingly, and in narration the author approaches more closely to English sanctified by literature and custom than do his contemporaries who dwell more remote from the Atlantic seashore. The subject of the *Merry Anne* is the pursuit and capture by revenue officers of a gang of unlawful distillers of whiskey, who smuggle their product from Canada into the United States. The subject does not seem to us enchanting, but it is very well managed, and no doubt many people like stories of rough adventure conducted by roughish men. The captain of the *Merry Anne* is a good fellow, who comes out of serious complications with flying colors. It is pleasant to think of him defeating the revenue officer in love, and gallantly sailing away in the *Merry Anne*, with his girl doing her trick at the wheel.

Scouting during the civil war appears to have been easier work than it was in South Africa, or is now in Mantchuria. According to writers of fiction, much of the scout-

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ing for North and South was done by girls, dressed up as boys, to be sure, but, from all reliable accounts, more obviously girls than if they had stuck to petticoats. 'The Little Union Scout' of Mr. Harris's tale had already made fame as Capt. Frank Leroy before the adventures here narrated befell. Her proper name was Jane Ryder —such a sensible-sounding name that one can hardly think of its owner so foolishly masquerading. Undoubtedly the combatants knew Capt. Leroy for a girl and permitted her to prance between them, for the sake of distraction from the grimmer affairs of war. Her tale is told with Mr. Harris's accustomed ease, and shows, as do so many of his tales, his familiarity with details of the war and with the feeling on both sides.

Persons who delighted in the first volume of "Wee Macgreegor's" adventures can probably endure the second. The Robinsons, Purdies, M'Ostriches, reappear, natural as ever, but not in situations to reveal character more fully. Macgreegor continues to ask pointed questions and make inopportune comment, to be amusing as clever spoiled children sometimes are—at long range. A useful glossary, indispensable indeed, for those unfamiliar with the speech of common Glasgow folk, is included in the volume.

Of the eight stories in Jack London's 'Faith of Men,' four profess to be amusing and at least partially succeed, though the laughter induced is of the kind familiarly described as on the wrong side of the mouth. The other four simply vie with one another in unpleasantness. The man who, after untold hardships, transports a thousand dozen eggs to Dawson City, only to find them rotten, is hardly more repellent in his suicide than in his previous tragedies. The man who marries from pique under a misapprehension rouses in us irritation rather than pity, and the last story of all is an unsatisfactory compound of "Zaza" and Kipling's "Georgie Porgie." But the palm in sordid grewsomeness must be awarded to the dog who hangs his master, grotesque and unworthy successor of the author's fascinating Buck. It seems regrettable that Jack London should employ his wide knowledge, keen insight, vivid powers of description, and trenchant vocabulary merely in order to make us plough through miles and miles of ice and snow, in the company of unscrupulous men whose fun is to make Indians drunk, and whose earnest is to deceive and kill, of women devoid of moral sense, and of dogs whose brutal savagery would put wolves to the blush.

'The Colonel' is another powerful and unpleasant book, but in this case the whole tone is high, and the moral lesson obvious, though not obtruded. Its motto might well have been the terrible truth expressed in the sanction of the second commandment. The illegitimate son of an Italian colonel commits murder in his regiment, and is sentenced to death by his own father, who dies of the shock. The descriptions of Italian military life come from the practised pen of one having authority, and if they differ widely in spirit from the pictures of De Amicis, allowance must be made for personal points of view. The book is a translation, and higher praise cannot be given to E. Spender than to say that, except in a few isolated sentences, we remain unconscious of the fact.

'The Island Pharisees' is characterized on the paper cover as an "enterprising novel" with a "light and readable style." This may be the publisher's sincere conviction. The reader would probably describe it as a lengthy diatribe against what the author calls Conventions and most people call Morality, without any plot to speak of, and with an abundance of cheap cynicism, labored epigram, and unconvincing psychology. Why the French tramp with a "long, thin, lopsided nose" and "goggling, prominent eyes," enunciating trite satire against society, should have so far influenced the hero as to make him break off his engagement, we may well wonder. But we cannot but feel that Antonia is well rid of a lover perpetually in opposition to the powers and things that be, and yet too languid to seek out a remedy—a man whose ideal is to "understand things and let them slide." The author, in the person of his hero, is facetiously sarcastic over the lack of true Christianity in marriage, class distinctions, patriotism, organized philanthropy, police regulations, and so forth; but, unfortunately, his criticism is purely destructive, and he has no new hope nor aim nor motive to give us, and no new course of action to suggest. Limited and Pharisaical as his English gentlefolks may appear, they have to the unsophisticated reader the advantage of at least some principle and moral standard; but, to the writer, principle and moral standard seem to be a *bête noire*. The book might fitly be called 'The Island Pharisees, by a Sadducee.' "For the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit; but the Pharisees confess both."

The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. Profusely illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co. 1904.

Neither the historical nor the literary sense distinguishes this compilation, which belongs in a peculiarly difficult class. The choice lies between a frank exhibit of a definite number of pictorial examples in orderly arrangement, with the necessary elucidation, and an essay with illustrations thrown in. In the latter case the temptation is irresistible to describe pictures not reproduced, or not available for reproduction; and no literary skill can make this readable. Mr. James Parton, whose 'Caricature and Other Comic Art' appeared in 1877, but is not, we believe, referred to in the present work, was a practised writer taking broad views, and succeeded as well as any one is likely to in weaving an interesting text about his collection of designs. His successors both cover a narrower tract and work it less deftly and comprehensively. Parton's twenty-second chapter was devoted to Italian caricature, and Italy certainly cuts some figure in the history of the past century, but her comic artists get the barest recognition here. German caricature is feebly and casually represented: it is not drawn upon for the Franco-Prussian war, which is illustrated wholly from the side of the vanquished (with a couple of Tenniels). The Dutch creeps in by way of the Boer war, as Spanish caricature by way of 1898. French, English, and American art forms the staple.

Our authors' general reflections on caricature are jejune, and as respects American undiscriminating. *Puck* and *Judge* are credited with "a formidable power," which perhaps they have, but the decline of *Puck* upon the death of Keppler and Bunner is not adverted to; and very naturally, as there is mention without reprobation of artists serving indifferently and simultaneously two opposing parties. This was not Keppler's humor, nor was it Nast's. Our authors notice, almost incidentally, "the fact that a majority of the ablest caricaturists of to-day are devoting their talents to the daily press." "It is an exacting sort of work," they add; "exhaustive both physically and mentally." They might further have alleged, morally.

Some artistic comparison of caricature in the several countries might have been expected; or in successive epochs in the same country. The relation of war to caricature by way of both stimulus and debasement was a theme fairly suggested by the instances furnished by the Spanish-American conflict—on both sides. Parton had a different vision in his preface.

"I am sometimes sanguine enough to think," he says, "that the pencil of the satirist will at last render war impossible, by bringing vividly home to all genial minds the ludicrous absurdity of such a method of arriving at truth. Fancy two armies 'in presence.' By some process, yet to be developed, the Nast of the next generation, if not the admirable Nast of this, projects upon the sky, in the sight of the belligerent forces, a *picture* exhibiting the enormous comicality of their attitude and purpose. They all see the point, and both armies break up in laughter, and come together roaring over the joke."

The Hague seems a solider assurance. Were it a case of wager of battle with magic-lantern caricature for weapons, the Japanese might be thought as capable antagonists in this field as in that of arms.

To sum up, this 'History' can be recommended almost entirely for its selections from the enormous mass of pictorial material, with omissions as grave as Doré's 'La Sainte Russie' in the chapter on the Crimean war. The text is jumbled. There is no index. The paper is over-glossy and over-weighted.

Early Reviews of English Poets. Edited, with an introduction, by John Louis Haney, Ph.D. Philadelphia: The Egerton Press. 1904.

It was a happy thought, that of collecting in one handy volume these selected and important reviews, embracing a period of almost exactly a hundred years, from Goldsmith's tempered praise of Gray's odes (1757) to the *Saturday Review's* proclamation in 1855 that "this sort of thing [Browning's poetry] should be stopped"—so that the scope of the work is nearly co-extensive with the revival and triumph of what is called (for want of a better name) "Romanticism."

It is not merely as a convenience to the student, who can have here under his hand important documents not otherwise readily accessible, that we welcome this volume, but as comprising an instructive and significant chapter in English literature. If the poems here reviewed represent the tendencies of the age, these criticisms represent for us the mental environment into which those tendencies were emerging, and which they were gradually to transform. We have here the natural resistance of the soil to the germination of the seed—

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the inevitable protest of the old bottles against the new wine—in all its forms, from the Olympian superiority of the *Edinburgh*, and the tearful expostulation with an erring brother of the *Christian Observer*, to the Ashantee war dance of *Blackwood*. Every reviewer regarded himself as a judge, and the author as the prisoner at the bar; and every review was a sentence. Could they but have brought themselves to see that critic and poet were but fellow-worms, and the poem and the review alike crossing ripples of the same current—but that was not possible.

When we are irritated by the dogmatism, the superciliousness, the lack of "sweetness and light" in these reviewers, we run the risk of falling into their error. Most of their censures rest on justifiable grounds. It is quite true that much of Wordsworth's work is dull, and much childish; that Coleridge wrote melodious nonsense; that 'Endymion' is crude and cloying, and Byron affected and melodramatic. But what these critics failed to see was that all these phenomena were connected and significant—were symptoms or premonitions of a coming transformation. Just so Ben Jonson, with perfect justice from his point of view, thought it monstrous that an infant should be born in the second act of a play and appear full-grown in the fourth. Measured by the Greek standard, so it was; but he failed to see that the drama was widening its scope from the Incident to the Tale.

The day of the judicial review is past, or, as the *Saturday Review* puts it, in finer language than we can command, "the correctional justice of criticism has abdicated its proper functions." "Interpretative criticism" is now the order of the day. And here arises the thought, when interpretative criticism in its turn is outgrown, what is to come next? Will there be a world in which all writers are so lucid and all readers so perspicacious that there will be no room for interpretation, and the review will have sunk to the book-notice?

The present work is complemented by excellent notes, and an introduction containing an interesting historical sketch of the English critical journals.

Working with the Hands. Booker T. Washington. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1904.

While this volume of Mr. Washington's necessarily contains some repetitions of ideas given in his previous works, they are such as will bear being brought once, twice, and many times before the public. Some of his teachings we could wish applied to all races, *e. g.*, "I have taught our girls from the beginning of this school that a student who receives pay for properly attending to dishes, and does her work poorly, is guilty of two wrongs: She is guilty of falsehood, and guilty of receiving money for doing something which she has not done." Would that every worker felt this! Well and tersely put is the difference urged between slave and free labor: "There is a vast difference between working and being worked. Being worked means degradation; working means civilization." Mr. Washington speaks of the comparative numbers of immigrants coming to North and West, and South, and ends with this: "It must be frankly recognized by the people of that section, that for a long period they must depend upon the black man to do for it what the foreigner is doing for the Great West, and that they cannot hope to keep pace with the progress of people in other sections if one-third of the population is ignorant and without skill. If the South does not help the negro up, it is tying itself to a body of death." Most true; but it is not only the people of the South who should "help the negro up"—private help should go from North and West for this end. No part of our country can be left semi-civilized—East, West, North, and South; white, black, and yellow! As a country, the one thing we cannot afford is ignorance.

Most heartily we can commend Mr. Washington's plea for practical results rather than talk—which last is always easy to get:

"One farm bought, one house built, one home neatly kept, one man the largest taxpayer and depositor in the local bank, . . . one office filled, one life cleanly lived, these will tell more in our favor than all the abstract eloquence that can be summoned to plead our cause."

Mr. Washington has tried to find out whether in general the whites find the educated or the ignorant negro most to their minds. For this end he sent out many inquiries. The majority of answers was plainly in favor of educated negro labor. One questions whether Mr. Washington may not be undertaking, in one place, too many trades and too great a variety. There is always danger that spreading too much may result in want of really thorough work. Any one institution may become too big for its own good. We trust that Tuskegee may avoid this danger, and long remain the great hope and training school of the negro race.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Avebury, Lord. Free Trade. The Macmillan Co. $1.60.
Butterfield, Julia Lorrillard. Biographical Memorial of Gen. Daniel Butterfield. The Grafton Press.
Chamberlin, T. C. A Contribution to the Theory of Glacial Motion. University of Chicago Press. 50 cents net.
Early Western Travels, 1748-1846. Vol. IV. Cuming's Tour to the Western Country, 1807-1809. Cleveland, O.: The Arthur H. Clark Co.
Ewart, Frank Carman. Notes on Rostand's L'Aiglon. Published by the author at Hamilton, N. Y.
First Report of the Tenement House Department of the City of New York (Jan. 1, 1902—July 1, 1903). In two volumes.
Hosie, Alexander. Manchuria. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.
Howard, George Elliott. A History of Matrimonial Institutions. 3 vols. University of Chicago Press. $10 net.
Joseph, D. Geschichte der Baukunst vom Altertum bis zur Neuzeit: Ein Handbuch. 2 vols. Berlin and New York: Bruno Hessling.
Peattie, Elia W. The Shape of Fear, and Other Ghostly Tales. The Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Russell, Israel C. North America. (Appleton World Series—The Regions of the World.) D. Appleton & Co.
Sen, Mohit Chandra. The Elements of Moral Philosophy. Second edition, revised. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.
Sichel, Walter. Beaconsfield. (Little Biographies.) E. P. Dutton & Co. $1 net.
Siegfried, André. La Démocratie en Nouvelle Zélande. Paris: Armand Colin. 4 fr.
Smith, Charles Sprague. Working with the People. A. Wessels Co. 50 cents net.
Smart, William. The Return to Protection. London and New York: The Macmillan Co. 5s. net.
Strenuous Epigrams of Theodore Roosevelt. H. M. Caldwell Co.
Tayler, Constance J. D. Koreans at Home. Cassell & Co., Ltd.
Temple Series of Bible Handbooks. Saul and the Hebrew Monarchy, by the Rev. Robert Sinker. The Early Christian Martyrs, by the Rev. J. Herkless. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.
The Letters of Horace Walpole. Vols. V., VI., VII., VIII. Oxford: The Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 6s. net each.
The Woman Errant. The Macmillan Co. $1.50.
Vinogradoff, Paul. The Teaching of Sir Henry Maine. London and New York: Henry Frowde. 1s. net.
Wilkinson, Florence. Two Plays of Israel: David of Bethlehem; Mary Magdalen. McClure, Phillips & Co.
Wolfe, S. H. Investment Directory: Insurance Companies. (Description and Classification of Stocks and Bonds.) The Insurance Press.

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